

THE COMMONWEAL

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A CONGRESS OF ECONOMICS

FEW MEN in public life differ more in most respects than the brilliant swashbuckling English statesman, Winston Churchill, and the man described by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler as the "outstanding American of today," Mr. Owen D. Young, who is hailed by him as an example of "what is highest and best in American life." To find Winston Churchill and Owen D. Young, therefore, in substantial agreement in their views concerning representative government in its relation to the world's economic crisis is a circumstance which is more than ordinarily interesting. According to Mr. Churchill, speaking to a meeting of English industrialists, parliamentary bodies are practically useless for dealing with economic questions and should be superseded. "At this stage we ought to have the proper machinery for considering great economic issues," said Mr. Churchill. "I don't think party machinery is going to do the job well." Mr. Young, in his recent Lotos Club address in New York, expressed similar doubts of the efficacy of political mechanism in dealing with a world economically out of joint. That our politics and our economics are in conflict everywhere in the world today, he said, is due to the fact that economics are necessarily international,

while politics are predominantly national, and increasingly so in every country.

The economic forces of the world are forcing themselves through national frontiers "toward an integrated world"; the "other is building up man-made barriers around a much larger number of political units than existed before the war." But not only are these two great forces working largely in separated channels, and in different directions, "they are violent and imposing. Some better way must be found of accommodating each to the other or they will destroy each other." Mr. Young points out that in some European countries the "question is being seriously discussed of providing economic parliaments in addition to political ones in order that men especially qualified for the handling of these difficult economic problems may deal with them." Indeed, some of the suggestions go even farther, to the extent "that if a holiday of armaments is good, a holiday of parliaments would be better." What Mr. Young did not say, but what comes to mind in connection with his thoughtful remarks is that quite a number of countries have given their parliaments more than a holiday—they have been abolished for other systems, dictatorships among them. But cer-

tainly, not only Mr. Young and Mr. Churchill, but a host of other observers of and participants in world affairs have testified to the ominous increase of distrust for representative government throughout the world—at least, in so far as the parliamentary form of that government is concerned. Nor are signs lacking of the presence of that distrust in this country. The Congress now assembling will do much either to alleviate this feeling or to increase it. Whether justly or unjustly, the Senate and the House of Representatives, separately and jointly, will be judged by what seems to be the success or the failure of their efforts to deal with the present crisis. That the forces which have brought about the crisis are probably too complex and too technical in their nature, economically, to be controlled by political methods, is a fact which is becoming plain even to the man in the street.

Possibly, the convening of a national meeting of economists and practical experts in finance and commerce would be helpful, to the extent at least of making plain to the people at large the nature of the factors involved in the problem. Such a meeting could be followed by an international congress of the same character. That political action would be radically altered by such special meetings is not probable or perhaps desirable; but at least political action might be linked up more effectively with economic realities than is the case at present. Mr. Young did not go so far as to suggest such a congress for the United States, but probably he would welcome such a step if his prudent suggestion bear fruit in action. No one better than he could direct its deliberations.

But would such a congress really go to the roots of the matter? The fact that individuals like Mr. Young are unquestionably concerned with the ethical and moral factors involved in economic problems should not—though in practice it often does—make us forget that moral principles, or the lack of such, really control economics, and politics as well. It is the capital sin of gluttony that dictates the economic imperialism of nations greedy for wealth and power and not simply materialistic, blind forces. Not until economists as well as politicians turn for guidance to religion will their deliberations reach the realities of the situation that now confronts the world. Only the Church can save that world, which through following its own roads exclusively has now reached a veritable wasteland of confusion and despondency.

There should be an International Congress of Christian Economists—a gathering of the leaders of such organizations as our own Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, the Catholic Social Guild of England and the similar societies which in Italy, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium and other countries, taking their direction from Pope Leo XIII, are laboring to bring the Catholic consciousness of the world back to these fundamental principles of justice and charity from which Catholics themselves have strayed in the modern industrial chaos.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE DIFFICULTIES in the formation of a French cabinet, following the fall of the Tardieu ministry which had been in power for practically a year, give the final touch to the picture of our unsettled globe. World unrest has seemingly become a reciprocally contagious state in which one country infects another, and then the second infects the first with an even greater virus. Americans for some time thought that they were proof against economic ills, and might in fact profit by the more or less prostrate condition of other countries. The illusion of this idea, which was puffed up to the bursting point in the prosperity régime, has left us now in sad confusion. Bank and brokerage failures in France, specifically the Ousteric failure, have been the occasion there of the ousting of M. Tardieu in spite of his plea that France under the guidance of his ministry had no unemployment problem and had become in the matter of national finances one of the soundest countries in the world.

THE troubles of the world present a sobering picture. England has long staggered under the heaviest load with unemployment at home, and now India, Egypt, South Africa and Palestine all are adding to her troubles abroad, while her dominions and colonies assert more and more independence both politically and economically. Germany, torn between the violence of the Communists in her midst on the one hand and the Hitlerites on the other, declares herself impoverished almost beyond bearing by the reparations levied upon her by the allies. Austria and Hungary are wrenched apart, their social forms with which they had been familiar for centuries overwhelmed by democratic forms and now threatened with Socialism, and their peace of mind, to say the least, constantly badgered by the intense nationalism of surrounding states. Italy is an armed camp, the anti-Facists suppressed or imprisoned, and the Fascists kept in constant nervous excitement by Mussolini. Spain is shaken by sporadic revolutions and threats to depose the king. Poland, whose stability is most necessary as a bulwark against Bolshevism, at present has only an artificial political unanimity obtained by the expedient of putting the opposition leaders in prison while an election is held. Revolutions in Brazil, Argentine and Peru, and Mexico talking in a fairly loud voice of a moratorium on its debts. Bloodshed and famine in China in the course of its endless civil war and changing civil forms. And to complete the circuit, Russia! The only kingdom that remains at peace, is the kingdom of Christ, the Church. Even here the din of the opposed armed camps of materialism outside its walls seems at times to intrude as a warning to the faithful that the peace that passeth understanding is not sleep but eternal vigilance, and more and more abundance of good life.

World
Unrest

WE THINK it highly probable that the real creator of the sensational scene in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine was neither Bishop Manning nor former Judge Ben B. Lindsey, but rather the publicity agent for the League for Public Discussion, under whose auspices the champion of "companionate marriage" will lecture. This gentleman accompanied the judge on his invasion of the cathedral, and while he seems to have taken no part in the fist-cuffs, he does seem to have stood by in order to count the number of blows and kicks inflicted upon his lecturer. Immediately after being turned loose by the police, Judge Lindsey, according to the *World*, "went to the Hotel Algonquin, where he was staying, and electrified that hostelry by shouting about 'old-fashioned monogamous marriages' in the middle of the lobby, while photographers set off flash-lights and bell-boys gasped." Well, those who know their New York may be surprised at the notion of the Hotel Algonquin being electrified by anything that Judge Lindsey could say, but that the flash-lights popped merrily while he was saying it, we can very readily believe. And if publicity works its usual magic, we would not wonder if Madison Square Garden, or the Yale Bowl, will be needed to hold the crowd when Judge Lindsey lectures.

BEING "named from the altar" is something about which not only Catholics but members of the more orthodox, old-fashioned types of Protestant Christianity feel something approaching consternation; but it is very unlikely that any such emotion disturbed Judge Lindsey, or his lecture manager, in view of the fact that Judge Lindsey referred to Bishop Manning's prayer at the conclusion of his sermon—which prayer he interrupted—as "all that mummary"; although it is only fair to add that he stated he would not have interrupted at that moment if he had realized that the "mummary" was regarded by others in the cathedral as a prayer. Whatever else may be uncertain in this fantastic happening, however, certainly there rarely can have been delivered from the pulpit of any church so deadly a denunciation of an individual as the one heaped upon Judge Lindsey by Bishop Manning. For the latter's stand in this matter we frankly proclaim our sympathy and admiration. He really champions the moral standards of Christianity—and in refreshing contrast to many of his own fellow-clergymen, he refuses to consider those standards debatable.

THE SPLENDID work of the Knights of Columbus during the war in providing at their huts decent comfort and cheer for the men overseas and at the camps on this side, and the equally remarkable achievement of the employment service established by the order after the war, which under the direction of Peter W. Collins, placed 500,000 ex-service men in jobs, is a record of service which is being con-

tinued with similar effectiveness in the present national unemployment emergency. Mr. Collins is again in charge of the Knight's employment program, and Bishop Edmond J. Fitzmaurice, of Delaware, is honorary chairman of the employment committee. Supreme Knight Martin H. Carmody has been in touch with President Hoover and Colonel Arthur Woods, national director of unemployment relief. The advice of the latter in a telegram to Mr. Carmody has an appeal to plain common sense and also, in a special manner, to Catholic tradition. He says that the greatest service now in relieving unemployment would be rendered if "the Knights of Columbus acting through their local councils throughout the country, in addition to carrying on their own good works, should fortify the efforts of the local agencies which are dealing with the situation each in its own locality."

THIS emphasis on parochial activity, as we have said, should especially recall to Catholics the principle of the Church which enjoins the faithful as a matter of conscience to support their own parish. This may seem like the statement of the obvious, but we believe that it is none the less important, and certainly it is a familiar fact that the obvious is often the first thing to be overlooked. In times of national emergencies such as exist at present there is apt to be a rush of contributions by individuals to large, impersonal activities which in effect penalizes the local activities, in some cases withdrawing funds from established institutions, curtailing their resources and causing them perforce to cast off people from their employment and further aggravate the situation. The parish church, the parochial school, the local convent, and monastery, and hospital, or asylum, and the local council of the Knights of Columbus, are functioning all the time in works of charity, and it should be watched by all Catholics that they are not impoverished, but are strengthened and their activities broadened. They are agencies which can best expand and contract to meet specific emergencies, without causing dislocations in the social order. They associate charity where it belongs, with faith and hope. The reports which are coming in from all over the country as to the effective work of local councils of the Knights, are excellent testimony that the basic principle of charity is being carried out in deed!

NONE of us, unhappily, needs to be taught that, when things are bad in any social or moral field, they tend to get worse. Human cruelty, cowardice and inertia have been demonstrated so often that we incline to think of their cumulative or corporate action as going by some sort of automatic law, and their rare reverses as due entirely to the heroic action of the isolated individual will. However, this is a one-sided picture. If whole groups often fall into the practising or condoning of what is wrong, it is true also that whole groups can arise in spontaneous indignation to

Women and
Lynch Law

challenge it. Such a healthy manifestation is that given by the women of the South last month in their determined protest of that crime against the Negro which we call lynching. The account of their two meetings, in Atlanta and Dallas, which the *Nation* publishes is written by a staff member of the *Macon Telegraph and News*. It gives no suggestion at all of the kind of unrepresentative minority dictation which characterizes so many efforts at "reform." What it does suggest is a sentiment, widespread, honest and deep, of horror at the criminal inhumanity of Southern lynchings, and of contempt for the clichés about "the honor of our women" which have cloaked it. "We are profoundly convinced," runs the adopted manifesto, "that lynching is not a defense of womanhood or of anything else. . . . It brutalizes the community where it occurs, including the women and children who witness its orgies, and particularly the youth who are usually conspicuous participants."

THE ORGANIZATIONS represented in this protest were those of the Parent Teachers' Association, the League of Women Voters, the Y. W. C. A., the Federation of Women's Clubs, and the women's societies of the Southern Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches. The immediate occasion was the recent statistical report on lynchings in the South during the first nine months of 1930. The increase which these figures showed over the previous years—there were twenty-two lynchings for this year as against thirteen for 1929, twelve for 1928 and seventeen for 1927—has profoundly disquieted civilized people all over the country. The women who met in November, however, refuse to take it out any longer in mere disquietude. They present, with their protest, a statistical analysis of the charges made against victims of lynch law, showing two things: that the offense of rape by a Negro against a white woman has actually been very seldom proved; and that authentic malefactors are almost always feeble-minded. They cite the fact recently adduced by the director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, that there are no Southern institutions for the care of colored deficients of this character. They indicate very trenchantly their conviction that it is political danger rather than bodily danger that prompts the usual sheriff to surrender his prisoner to the mob. And finally, they plan a separate committee for each state below Mason and Dixon's Line, which shall direct a campaign of public education against mob violence: working against the introduction of race prejudice, or the race issue, into politics; protesting or appealing to governors and sheriffs; giving favorable publicity to those officers who support the law; and, what is more to the purpose, supporting them for reelection. In this sane and strong program, they look forward to enlisting the help of all responsible religious and educational leaders. They are an honor to the South. We extend from our heart the wish that they may succeed as they deserve.

INTO the humanist debate leaps Mr. George Jean Nathan, arch practitioner and defender of vulgarity, champion of the back-slapping and slang-inventing school of criticism. The Anti-Humanist Antics new humanists from Professors Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More to Mr. Seward Collins, editor of the *Bookman*, and Mr. Gorham B. Munson, Mr. Nathan finds to be merely "envious men . . . personally disappointed, defeated, discontented and unhappy fellows" who are irritated by the success of their opponents. It is not the doctrines and methods of the opposing school of criticism that the new humanists are denouncing, Mr. Nathan declares, but the opposing critics themselves, simply because the latter are gleeful fellows who have been "sitting pretty" and enjoying life. The humanists are "dry, bitter and disillusioned," he says when they think of Huneker with a love letter from Mary Garden in his pocket, Mencken being chased half a mile up the boulevards in Paris by two blondes, O'Neill living in a magnificent château, Carl Van Doren at the head of a great book business, Walter Lippmann coming within an ace of getting Peggy Joyce's elaborate town house for himself, Tom Beer's Rolls Royce and Cabell's Virginia estates. What, we may exclaim, a blow to literature and philosophy when Mr. Lippmann failed by only an ace of getting Peggy Joyce's elaborate town house!

WITH the appearance for sale these days of the now well-known Christmas seals of the National Tuberculosis Association, it will be of interest to the purchasers to know how much has been accomplished in the prevention of the dreaded white plague. Since the inception of the association in 1904, the deaths from tuberculosis have decreased from 200 per 100,000 population to 81 per 100,000; that is, the deaths have been decreased by approximately 60 percent. A great child education campaign is carried on through state and local associations, meetings and conferences and research conducted, and the number of sanatoria beds has been increased from 9,000 in 1904 to 74,000 in 1930. It is encouraging that such a splendid record can be cited so concretely in a fine humanitarian work, and the association is certainly deserving of the continued support of all who have the common welfare at heart.

IN THE death of Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul both the Church and the country have suffered a heavy loss. The fact that he attained such unquestioned eminence among his fellow-members of the hierarchy in the post made so illustrious by Archbishop Ireland in itself is a tribute to his exceptional gifts of intellect and strength of character. A lesser man, no matter how spiritually adequate, might easily have been overwhelmed by the prestige

of his great predecessor. But without in any way deviating from the lines which were his own, simply by acting up to the high opportunities of his exalted position, Archbishop Dowling best carried on the foundational work of Ireland, and at the same time placed the seal of his own high gifts of churchmanship upon both the Catholic and the general life of the North-west. Nor was his influence limited even by that immense field; it was national in scope. As chairman of the all-important Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, from the formation of that organization in 1919 until 1929, when bad health compelled his resignation, the late Archbishop of St. Paul performed services for the benefit of the whole Church in the United States of the most valuable and durable kind. Upon him fell the heavy responsibility of aiding the late Archbishop Chrystie of Oregon City, Oregon, when the Catholic schools of that state were assailed. Even an outline of the great works carried on in his own archdiocese would fill this issue of *THE COMMONWEAL*; but we shall print, in a forthcoming issue, some account of them. On its own behalf, *THE COMMONWEAL* has good reason to mourn the death of Archbishop Dowling, for it possessed no more staunch or more sympathetic supporter.

COMMENT on the recent appeals for funds and support for child-welfare programs, here and in England, has concerned itself with the content of those programs, and not with the wording of the appeals. This is

Children: the content of those programs, and not with the wording of the appeals. This is
Literary the wording of the appeals. This is
Addendum very proper, of course. No work in the world is more important, and how it

shall be done, and how much of it needs to be done, must take precedence of the question of the literary or oratorical style of those who tell us about it. But when our attention does relax to this minor matter of style, we must admit that we were treated to two very happy examples. Mr. Hoover's characterizations of childhood combined the tenderness and the somewhat helpless humor of the adult who really knows children. Others may ghost-write for our President on such matters as, for instance, the history of the separation of Church and State; but when he speaks of children's "terrifying energy," of the mixture of "affection and relief" with which we put them to bed, of our uneasiness as to their real opinion of us, he is unmistakably and most appealingly speaking at first hand. Sir James Barrie adopts a different stylistic device. Pleading for better child hospitalization in England, he vaunts his ignorance of children; more, he tells us "I can't abide them." And yet we are equally secure about Sir James. Perhaps it is the lifelong practice of whimsicality that enables a man to express tenderness so accurately by denying it. Whatever it is, we feel it to the full when he asks parents if they are sure they always bring back from a party the same child that they took there. And when he begs

for a child's hospital, because "the little fools think it's a sort of second heaven," we know that his heart will break if they don't get it.

THE first struggle on the wet and dry issue in the newly convened House, while inconclusive in results was an illuminating focusing of principles. By 106 to 54 the drys defeated the proposal to abolish the practice of the government of putting poison in industrial alcohol. The drys, in short, approved and assumed responsibility for the deaths which are constantly being reported from this source, and which make a regular first page feature in the newspapers the day after any major holiday. The wets consoled themselves with the fact that they had exactly doubled their strength over what it was a year ago in a vote on the same issue. It is inconceivable that the American public in this case where the principles involved are so clear, shall not make it its high moral duty to ascertain the names of the men who smugly and safely, as far as any commensurate retribution is concerned, commanded poison knowing that it must result in many deaths. Not since the days of witch-burning have we had a comparable phenomenon in our midst. There is a kind of maniac frenzy in the activity of the leaders in these phenomena that seems temporarily to frighten the great normal numbers of the people into a horrified and spellbound inactivity; but the sweep and strength of normal and decent sentiment is therefore the more thorough when it is finally unloosed.

CATHOLIC ART TREASURES

FOLLOWING upon our editorial last week which expressed a hope that there might be organized exhibitions of Catholic art which would reanimate a public consciousness of this particular phase of the Church's glory, our attention was called to an exhibition in New York of mediaeval religious art. We went, and it was thronged. Certainly there was no public apathy here. Yet in spite of the high intrinsic value of the exhibition and its unique character, it is to the treasures of art of the Church ancient and modern but a mere golden scale fallen from the wall of a great cathedral.

The Guelph Treasure, as the collection is designated, is composed largely of altar-pieces and reliquaries of the eleventh to the fifteenth century: jewel-studded crosses, in one of which, between translucent gems, is preserved a relic of the True Cross, and various beautifully designed and ornamented receptacles for containing and for exposing for veneration the bones, and in some cases even, the heads of Saints. The catalogue description of one of these, for instance, is interesting: "Monstrance with the Finger of Saint John the Baptist. Lower Saxony, about 1400. Silver-gilt. Six-segment foot. On the shaft is a structure like a chapel, a six-sided structure forms the nodus. The upper part rises

out of a lobed chalice, on which hang six bells. At the sides of the glass cylinder (new) is an architectural setting which has windows and pinnacles. It is surmounted by a high six-sided, open-tower chapel, in which stands the statuette of Saint John the Baptist. On the six pillars are the figures of six saints (Blasius, James the Less, Peter, Paul, Thomas of Canterbury and John the Evangelist). Visible in the interior is the finger relic with an Agnus Dei. Height twenty-three inches. Mentioned in inventory of 1482."

This description gives an excellent idea of the intricacy of the art displayed, its combination of architectural forms with marvelously wrought small figures, the endless, astonishing and amusing invention of the mediaeval artisans, and their robust and happy piety. To see the latter brought down to barter in the market place, however elegant, and lay uses from which the spirit has fled, is somewhat saddening to the Catholic unless he fortifies himself with the reflection that the mute innocence and devotion which these works of art recall may turn the thoughts of some who observe them to the high things for which they were intended.

The catalogue description of another piece, but eighteen inches high and sixteen inches wide, which alone is valued at \$750,000, gives a further idea of the intricacy and of the quite extraordinary enamel work of many of the treasures: "The Cupola Reliquary. Cologne, about 1175. Cross-shaped domed structure in the form of a Byzantine church. Oak-wood covered with champlevé enamel and carvings in walrus ivory. The roof is made so that it can be removed. By means of iron rods reaching to the bottom and passing through the interior it can be attached from the outside with two locks. The walls, the tambour and the roofs are partly mortised, partly glued. Underneath the floor the domed outline is engraved. The ground plan consists of the combination of a square with a Greek cross. As to the architectonic construction and artistic decoration, the bottom rests on four griffins. At all corners of the central construction are little pillars united by arches. Between these arcades are the standing figures in relief of sixteen prophets, and on the façade the four following scenes: the Holy Family, the three kings, the Crucifixion, the women at the tomb. Above the round arches are the gables and roofs. The four cross-arms have span-roofs with ridge-crests, the corner structures have slanting roofs. The base of the tambour cuts into all the roofs. The tambour is divided into spaces by thirteen pillars, between which are the seated figures of Christ and the apostles. The thirteen segments of the cupola form a dome-shaped covering over the figures. On the top is an openwork bronze knob. The entire wooden construction is overlaid with gilded or enameled bronze plates. The lower base, the bases and capitals of the columns, the crests of the gables and roofs, as well as the bronze knob are cast. The upper molding of the base is chased, as also the corner-pieces, with acanthus leaves above the columns. The triangular plates of silver-gilt in the fields of the

gables have chiseled ornamentation. The champlevé enamel plaques on the back, roofs, cupola segments and the pillars have geometric and botanical ornaments. The bottom is decorated with *émail brun-palmette* frieze and as central motif acanthus leaves. The inscriptions on the silver band of the tambour base and on the text bands of Christ and the twelve apostles refer to the Gospel of Saint Matthew, chapter xvi, verses 13 to 16: Then Christ came into the district and spake, etc. The inscriptions on the text bands of the sixteen prophets refer to sayings in the books of the same prophets. The order of the apostles has been changed. The inside is empty; in 1482 it contained the head of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus."

There are besides many richly jeweled arm reliquaries, and ivory caskets, and traveling altar-stones with ornamental bands of enamel. In all it is considered to be one of the richest single mediaeval treasures ever brought to the United States, that is, in such sense as a collection may be considered as a single thing. It was piously begun in 1030—nearly a thousand years ago, and hundreds of years before America had yet been discovered—by Countess Gertrude, the wife of Count Ludolf of Brunswick, and a century later, with the marriage of Gertrude III to the Guelph Duke Henry the Proud of Bavaria, came into the possession of the family from which it takes its name. In 1671 on the capitulation of the town of Brunswick, Duke Johann Friedrich of Hanover, demanded and received the treasure as an indemnity, and removed it to the Catholic chapel at Hanover. Through stirring historical vicissitudes, at various times due to wars and the rumors of wars passing as far away as England, and Vienna, and during the last war, Switzerland, the treasure came into the possession of the present head of the Guelph family, the Duke of Brunswick, living in exile in Gmunden, Austria, with his wife who is a daughter of the former kaiser, his five children, and sixty retainers who strive to maintain the former glory of the Brunswick court. To mingle vulgar details with these sober historical facts, the duke was holding the treasure for \$10,000,000 before the recent depression, and has eventually parted with it, after over eight hundred years of its association with his family, for \$5,000,000.

From its present exhibition in New York at the Goldschmidt Galleries, the treasure will be taken to Cleveland, the Cleveland Museum of Art having purchased six of the pieces, and from thence it goes, possibly, though this is still uncertain, to Chicago. Anyone who might be interested in it and who would have little prospect of seeing it itself, would do well to obtain a copy of the December *Antiquarian*, in which it is glowingly described by Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter and illustrated with some excellent photographs. A charge is made for admission to the exhibition, which is being conducted for the benefit of the Big Sisters, and is under a distinguished patronage which includes the names of several well-known Catholics.

CHILD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

By BRYAN J. McENTEGART

THE AVIATOR has an advantage over most of us. He gets a country-wide view at one glance. Towns and cities spread out below him more vividly than on any map. He sees boulevards, parks, museums and also alleys, hovels and cemeteries. He sees factories surrounded by clusters of dingy homes; then, in the distance, office buildings from which they are run and splendid residences which they help to support. He sees the highways, the rivers and the railroads which lead to the rest of the world. If he is even a bit philosophical, he must conclude that each little settlement of man is important only in so far as it really promotes the happiness and welfare of the men, women and children who live in it or depend upon it.

If we could, in a similar manner, sail aloft over the entire nation, and thus secure a divinelike perspective, we might conclude that the importance of the nation itself should likewise be measured not in terms of skyscrapers, banks and estates but rather in terms of human happiness and welfare. We would recognize more clearly that the achievement of real national progress depends largely on the efforts of many groups which are constantly laboring to prevent, or at least relieve, human misery. Winging our way over city and country, we might discern thousands of social agencies, large and small, statewide and local, public and private, differing in tasks, powers and resources, yet unified by the common cause of human welfare. In this vast network of agencies and departments, thousands have singled out the welfare of children as their direct purpose. Still other thousands touch indirectly upon child welfare, and only a few can be regarded as wholly unrelated to it. In the broadest sense, almost every social worker may be said to be engaged in child welfare.

A few decades ago, the field of child welfare was identified, in the popular mind, with what we call foster care, namely, those institutions and agencies which protect and care for orphaned and dependent children away from their own homes. In the nineteenth century, private groups and public officials became more sensitive to the obligation resting on society to provide for children whose own parents were dead or were unable properly to care for them. Through the latter half of that century, and through the first three decades of this, great progress has been made in evolving and defining the principles and standards which should govern such foster care. These principles and stand-

At variance with Socialism on the issue of what shall be the proper care of the child, not as a mere poetic phrase, but as something real, the Church believes in the sanctity of the home. It is as opposed to the Socialistic idea of taking children from their mothers to be raised like potentially useful small cattle by impersonal agencies, as it is against the corollary based on the same selfish and ignoble impulse, birth control. The positive expressions of the Church's position are here brilliantly outlined by Father McEntegart from practical experience, not in regard to sectarian but to national activities.—The Editors.

ards are now pretty well agreed upon. The publications of our Federal Children's Bureau, and of various private organizations, set forth in detail the approved methods for the selection and supervision of foster families and for the planning and administration of children's institutions. While

much remains to be done in applying these standards to all the 250,000 children now under foster care in the United States, there is today no excuse for any honest seeker after knowledge to remain ignorant of the best experience of progressive foster agencies and institutions.

If asked what are the outstanding recent developments in this field, one might single out for special mention: (1) the emphasis on meeting the individual needs of each child by careful study of his history and condition, and by resourceful application of appropriate treatment; (2) the emphasis on viewing the child as an integral part of his own family, not only before foster care, but also during and after it; and (3) the need throughout every state for district units under public auspices which will be responsible for seeing that every child in need of help within that district is supplied with the particular type of care which he needs. It would be folly and utter complacency to state that an ideal situation now exists in the field of foster care, but it may be said with truth that the lines of work in that field have been pretty well defined, and that any group anxious to learn has available to it clear statements of the policies which should prevail.

Until the present generation, child welfare workers concerned themselves chiefly with working out this technique of caring for children away from home. In later years, however, they have begun to examine the causes of the dependency that brings so many children to their door. The natural place for a child is in his own family. Every foster child is therefore the result of a broken home. Child welfare workers in increasing numbers are asking themselves why so many homes are breaking. Instead of waiting at the bottom of the cliff of family disaster to receive tenderly the children who fall over, they have climbed up on top in order to see what can be done to prevent them from falling over.

It is at this point that child welfare workers come into close contact with those in the family welfare field. Years ago, children's agencies and family agencies sat, as it were, on two opposite hills. They scarcely saw each other; they scarcely knew each other. Only the

lone, lorn child trudged across the valley that lay between those hills. Each worker had a great love for the child, regarding him as something precious, as precious as a diamond. But like a diamond, he could be changed from one setting to another at will and without injury. Today, we regard him as just as precious, but we know that he is a living thing, more like a flower or a tree with its roots deep in the soil. To tear up those roots spells death. Transplanting requires infinite care.

With the realization that every child is vitally and integrally rooted in his own family, there has come a closer union between children's agencies and family agencies. It is now recognized that no child should be separated from his own family until every effort has been made to build up his family life so that he may remain within it. If he is separated, the work of caring for him cannot be severed from the task of preparing his family for his return at the earliest practicable moment. Only a very small percentage of the children in foster care are without parents. The overwhelming majority have one or both parents alive. It is the duty of family and children's workers to cooperate closely to the end that as soon as possible the child's own parents or relatives shall be fitted to care for him in their own home.

Full acceptance of this principle will demand no little unselfishness. Foster care organizations in many places have been better supported and endowed than family agencies. If the family agency is to do its full duty to children, it must in certain instances receive financial as well as moral support from the children's field. The precious life of the child, the flower of a happy family, is the joint responsibility of both family and children's workers.

One of the most hopeful signs of a growing appreciation of the sanctity of family life is the rapid spread of the Mothers' Aid Movement throughout the country. In a little less than twenty years, Mothers' Aid legislation has been placed upon the statute books of forty-four states. Today, no less than 220,000 children throughout the United States are being wholly or partly supported in their own homes through Mothers' Aid funds. In many states, Mothers' Aid laws are still largely ineffective because of poor administration and scanty appropriations, but the progress which has been made gives hope that in the near future every state or community which wishes to hold its head up will do justice to the spirit of its Mothers' Aid laws by making sufficient appropriation for their proper administration.

The principles which have worked so successfully in Mothers' Aid should be applied also to public outdoor relief. The administration of such relief throughout most of the nation is woefully inadequate. Much is being done and much more can be done by forward-looking public officials to place the care of families under their jurisdiction on the same high plane that is reached by most of our private family societies.

The problem of keeping the child's own family about him is one that cannot be solved by the action of social agencies alone. One of the greatest factors preserving home life has been the enactment and operation of workmen's compensation laws. Today, the benefits accruing to workmen under these laws annually reach the vast total of \$150,000,000. It is estimated that yearly there occur over twenty thousand fatal industrial accidents, and over two million others that do not result in death. Probably three-fifths of the victims are the heads of families and as many as fourteen thousand children are annually rendered fatherless through industrial accidents.

While workmen's compensation benefits have been a blessing to many an injured worker, yet one-half of the burden of these accidents must still be borne by his family, even in those states which have the most favorable laws; in other states, his plight is much worse. When it is realized that industrial accidents are increasing instead of diminishing, and that accidents other than those in industry take an additional toll of 75,000 deaths a year, it becomes apparent that child welfare workers and all socially-minded citizens must take a deep interest in those public departments which work for the prevention of accidents and for the alleviation of the distress of their victims.

Anyone who has stood at a sickbed knows how seriously sickness disturbs normal family life. Even after a generation of intensive, intelligent effort to curb the ravages of tuberculosis, it still demands 90,000 victims a year. How does this affect the child? It makes orphans and also breaks down child health. Recently perfected tests make it possible to detect the presence of tuberculosis at its very inception in childhood. Examinations of large groups of children have shown as many as 50 percent of them to be infected with tubercle bacilli. When these tests were verified by X-ray and other examinations, 8 percent of the total number of children were found to need special preventive care. Tuberculosis is still a terrible enemy of children.

It is now acknowledged that diphtheria, the scourge of childhood, vanishes into thin air before the universal application of immunization treatments. In New York City, the widespread use of the toxin-anti-toxin serum during the past two years has resulted in a reduction of the number of diphtheria cases from 7,020 to 3,003, or 57 percent, during the first eight months of this year. Think of what this means in terms of child health and happiness!

And what shall we say of the death of a mother? As each one of us realizes, it is the greatest injury that can come to any family. Yet the maternity death rate for the United States is still unduly high, and it seems to be rising. At least 40 percent of the deaths of mothers in pregnancy and confinement could be prevented. The proper training of physicians and midwives and the provision of adequate nursing and maternity service would save many mothers, and thus prevent the breakdown of their families. All who are

concerned about child welfare are obligated to support earnestly the efforts of health authorities to improve the medical care of infants, the medical inspection of schools, the proper regulation of housing and sanitation and the diffusion of public health education, because such measures vitally affect the stability of family life and the care of children within their own homes.

In these days, when unemployment is so widely discussed, it seems almost unnecessary to emphasize the evils which it works on family life. The situation is acute at the present time, but even in normal years it is estimated that 2,000,000 people, willing and anxious to work, cannot find jobs. The wage level of many workers is barely sufficient to support a family even when they are fully employed. Recurrent periods of idleness break down family spirit, lower standards of living, increase the number of desertions by parents, produce sickness, even death, and leave their scars on the whole fabric of family life. Those of us who are interested in a fair chance and a more hopeful future for the children of workingmen cannot, therefore, stand aloof from the industrial and governmental programs which are being formulated to stabilize employment and to raise the level of wages among unskilled workers in the nation.

This economic and health background of family life is indeed important, but a more fundamental consideration lies in the individual abilities of the father and the mother to fulfil their sacred responsibilities as parents. Successful family life requires a high standard of character in each parent, mutual respect and coöperation between them, and an understanding of the training needed by their children, coupled with a willingness to labor unselfishly for their welfare. The lives of too

many children have been warped by parental bad example and by internal dissension in the home. Every day, blind parental love injures as many children by overindulgence as selfish indifference injures by neglect.

To deal adequately with these intimate problems of family life, many resources are needed in the community. Religion has much to contribute. Its value is clearly manifested in the impetus which it gives to right conduct, in its inculcation of a sense of responsibility for the welfare of children and of our neighbors in general, and in the security which it affords for the successful meeting of the contingencies of life. But our educational institutions, our courts, our social agencies and the public press must also share the obligation of bringing about a better understanding and application of those fundamental principles in family life which make for the happiness of parents and the proper rearing of children.

All that has been said in this article finds its counterpart in the everyday experience of a woodsman. As he looks at the cross-section of the tree he has felled, he reads in it the history of its growth. The annual rings—the concentric record of its development—show to his trained eye the life experience of that tree. He reads there of years of shelter and protection, years of ample nourishment and alas! he sees all too plainly the lean years of dryness, the ravages of fire and the scars of plague. Here, in each tree, God has sealed the permanent record of its lifelong experience, left to posterity to read and ponder.

The life of a tree and the life of a child are somewhat akin. Today, we are building into the bodies and souls of our children annual rings of care or privation which later generations will look upon and ponder.

THE SOVIET RELIGION

By F. J. McGARRIGLE

RELIGION is obligation. Both words are identical in their latin root, *ligare*, to bind. Whether he have obligations of love and service to a God of infinite greatness and goodness or to a finite god in the form of *panis et circenses*, bread and amusements, whether he adore a creator or *kultur*, man never is without obligations of some religion. For religion is naught but the obligations entailed in the purpose of man's existence; and the view that a man has of his *raison d'être* is, briefly his religion.

Sovietism is essentially a way of looking on the reason of man's existence. Its atheism is but one of the many religions used at different times by politicians for the purpose of unification of the country according to their political lights, through an imposed unification of religious obligations. To attain this end it is attempting what Nero and Diocletian could not do—to stamp out the conflicting religion of Christianity.

What progress is the religion of Sovietism making?

The present state of this struggle between repression by Sovietism and the resistance of Christianity is well set forth in an official document of information from Moscow to a certain government. It reads:

The fact that, since the famous decree of Stalin in March of this year, the "physical warfare" on the churches, such as closure, taking of bells, confiscation, exile, do not now take place or is rare, is taken by some as a sign that in this matter a more or less forced laming of the Bolshevik militant spirit is evident. That is not so. The warfare is carried on by other means, and it is a question whether these means, at least in the long run, are not more efficacious. To a great extent weapons of the spirit have replaced brutal force in this warfare. But the old methods remain unchanged as far as restriction of movement, and taxation are concerned. The determinations of the law on religious associations of April 8, 1929, concerning the liquidation of churches can be considered as practically carried out with undiminished force especially in the villages, although the fact cannot

be perfectly verified. The new method of intellectual warfare on religion is seen above all in the work of the Association of Atheists in the field of literature, flysheets and newspaper propaganda, in which the effort is evidently to elevate the qualitative side of their activity.

The Association of Atheists, which in 1925 developed into the Association of Militant Atheists, has its center in Moscow. Its activity stretches out over the whole Soviet Union. The statistics of the association show lately a rapid rise in the number of members, which at present is over 2,500,000. Toward the end of the Five-Year Plan the number is to be brought to 17,000,000. To judge rightly of the number of members, one must keep in mind that the purpose of the association is not merely the fostering of antireligious sentiment, the diffusion of agitation literature, etc., but in the first place, the formation of each member for active warfare in behalf of atheism.

The development of antireligious organizations in the U. S. S. R. can be characterized by the following figures:

	Number of "Cells"	Number of Members
1926	2,421	87,033
1927	3,121	138,402
1928	3,980	123,007
Jan. 1, 1929	8,928	465,498
July 1, 1929	10,000	1,000,000
End of 1929	25,000	2,000,000

From the above it is evident that the formation of cells of the association according to the ideal of Communist party activity is successful. The chief endeavor at present is to increase the number of such cells in the schools, in the army and in the villages.

The literary output of the Atheists presents the following picture in numbers of copies:

	The Newspaper <i>The Atheist</i>	The Magazine <i>The Atheist</i>	The Magazine <i>The Anti-religious</i>
1927	62,514	19,387	4,324
1928	63,131	29,825	8,342
1929	144,669	66,385	18,812
1930	375,000	170,000	35,000

Other propaganda printed matter in pamphlet form:

1927	700,000 copies
1928	6,700,000 "
1929	34,000,000 "

Antireligious literature comprises:

1927	20 book titles
1928	50 " "
1929	180 " "

Atheist Journalists (*Bezbozhkor*):

March 1929 ... 3,000 End of 1929 over 5,500

These are a special class of journalists, who have been prepared in specialized courses for antireligious

propaganda. Besides the placing of these specialists, the persuasion of other categories of journalists to practically interest themselves in antireligious work is energetically striven for. Worthy of mention also is the addition of the so-called Workingman and Village Correspondents (*rabkor* and *selkor*) and lately of the Army Correspondents (*wojenkor*), to the corps of atheist journalists.

Especially the method and form of antireligious propaganda has been developed. From simple public lectures the atheists have passed to study courses and antireligious universities. From crude injurious treatment of believers, which brought conviction to no one, and from demonstrations such as public disputes, carnivals, Christmas celebrations of the association of Young Communists, closing of churches, opening of the holy reliquaries, etc., they have passed to a well-thought-out, systematic program, the principles of which are drawn from the study of personal experience and from foreign literature. In addition "excursions" play an important part. Also the "antireligious museums" are considered a very important means of propaganda for atheism. In 1925 there were three such museums; in 1927, eleven; in 1928, fourteen; in 1929, thirty-four.

The activity of the Russian Association of Militant Atheists in an ever-increasing degree reaches out into foreign lands, for which the first base was won in 1925 when the Association of Proletarian Freethinkers united with the Association of Militant Atheists. During the last few years the Russian Atheists received four delegations of foreign atheists. The delegates gathered information in detail concerning the Socialistic constitution and work of the Militant Atheists, and on their return held hundreds of public lectures on the Soviet union. In the increasing relations of the Russian Atheists with foreign countries personal correspondence has greatly increased, for which Esperanto is very important as a means of contact between the Russian and foreign atheists.

In such circumstances the financing of the antireligious propaganda no longer depends on collections from the members and divisions of the association, on the sale of sketches, literature, pictures, on entrance fees to permanent and temporary enterprises, especially of cinema houses; it must be carried on by federal and communal subsidy and avail itself more and more of the support of public institutions, such as workingmen's associations, directing councils, etc. Besides, a great part of antireligious work is carried on as volunteer work by way of the so called "Under-taking of works of social duty" (*obshtshestvennaia nagruska*), as, e.g., in the case of teachers.

Of essential importance is the fact that through the wide spread of antireligious propaganda in the U. S. S. R., numerous laws favoring atheism have been passed. (Cf. N. Orleanski: *The Law concerning Religious Meetings*, Moscow, 1930.) Thus the atheists enjoy full liberty for their antireligious instructions

while religious instruction is forbidden in state and private schools and institutes (Article 18 of the law of April 8, 1929); the antireligious activity of citizens is favored to the utmost; the institution and existence of religious associations are rendered very difficult by the severest regulations, the clergy have not the right of participation in elections and printers can refuse to print announcements, literature and writings of a religious nature. Also those associations which according to the law may accept members without distinction of religious conviction, as for instance, the Central Workingmen's Union, are expressly justified by the law to carry on antireligious propaganda. (Cf. the Workingmen's Union circular of March 1, 1929 on the "Strengthening of Antireligious Propaganda".)

The whole work in the antireligious field corresponds exactly with the spirit and realization of the Five-Year Plan. The choice of means, as we have mentioned undergoes a change from time to time; but there is no sign of a numerical check in the acquisition of members, even though the ambitiously high number of the Five-Year ideal will not be reached.

The notorious measures of force are in abeyance, but the drive along the "ideological" front has been intensified. The problem has become a question of time.

The young generation, under the enforced continual influence of instruction on the class-worshiping character of religion, etc., unable to withdraw from atheistic organizations, will become at least progressively areligious, when not positively antireligious.

ONE WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

By MARK O. SHRIVER

WHSOEVER was responsible for beginning the town was also, very probably, responsible for its name. Jussey he called it, but after a thousand years and more the strident youths who were billeted there during many months following the armistice, utterly lacking in the niceties of Gallic enunciation, called it Juicy, and juicy indeed it was during the hard winter of 1918-1919. Constant gunfire, or some other potent cause in the summer just past, had opened the floodgates of heaven, and all through that winter the precipitation continued with unprecedented vigor and persistency.

The nearby Saône was out of its banks and thick brown water was plenteously spilled over uncounted acres of mud and muck. Jussey lies along the Alsace border and its river, ordinarily no pretentious stream, was then a raging torrent, swollen from the unceasing downpour. It is near Belfort, one of the mighty fortresses that guard the eastern boundaries of France, and in what had been a quiet sector and consequently spared much of the devastation that neighboring departments had been forced to endure.

There was still a certain fabric and firmness to the straight stone roads, though torn and worn after years of heavy hauling of men, munitions and supplies of every sort, but it was peril to step off the long white highway. More than one high-powered truck had slid deep into the bordering muck, only to be ingloriously rescued by the lowly army mule.

Half-way up the hill, on the lone street that Jussey could boast, was an age-old church of greying stone, standing as it had stood for centuries, and as it will stand for many more. Unlike most of its European counterparts it had real pews, great solid rows of seats hewn from some mountain oak that had flourished many years before. It was the one church in the town, and it was packed each Sunday at the low Mass and at the high by crowds of khaki-clad men who hastened

to pay their due respect to their Great Commander, the Lord of Hosts. Men who had been combat troops while yet there was fighting to be done, were waiting, waiting interminably it seemed for the word that was to send them home. And now they had been set to work repairing and rebuilding the ruined roads. It was hard work and for months, after darkness came, there was scant recreation to be found.

There was only a buvette, or a billet, dimly lit, cold, ill-odored and repellent, where they might sit and talk. To listen in one might judge that the army held but little that was ennobling or inspiring, for almost all that talk centered on two very material topics, "When do we eat?" and "When do we go home?" "When do we go home?" were the very first words I heard after the armistice had been announced.

But those who have been through a surpassing adventure, such as a great war, and have come through sane in mind and sound of body cannot be all animal. War may arouse the primal instincts, but it likewise inspires finer and nobler impulses in the real soldier. It was in promoting them, in helping to maintain discipline and support morale, that the need for what was called welfare work was seen. That was one of the urgent tasks that faced the Knights of Columbus, and the others, in the long wait after hostilities had ceased before the final "Forward, March" turned eager faces on the last long trek toward the setting sun.

Now there was a chaplain in Jussey, a Father Le-Sage, attached to the ammunition trains. His geniality and perhaps, too, his ancestry and his French persuasiveness exercised a mighty influence not only on his men but as well on Monsieur Charles Poy, the mayor, and very quickly the city fathers were induced to give him the free use of a low stone shack just off the big street. He got it for the Caseys and their supplies on a dull grey afternoon when a great lumbering truck loaded down with five tons of chocolates and cigarettes

and writing paper slid into town just as the sun was sinking behind the distant Vosges.

It did indeed boast a door but the windows, such as they were, were few and far between. (Wasn't there once a window tax in France?) And there was a dingy iron stove that long since had seen its best days for, the drafts being more or less ineffective, the one long room was often filled with pungent acrid smoke. Now in Jussey, as in all of France, firewood is scarce and hard to get. What we got was too often water-soaked, hard to light and harder still to keep lit, even after some misguided soul had poured on coal oil that only made the smoke bite the more.

But the shack was shelter from the cold and from the wet, and with the chewing gum and candy and tobacco and cigarettes and, better still, the paper and pens and ink on which letters could be written home, it came to be held almost as a palace. Night after night it was packed until the bugles blew and the military police came in to chase everybody out.

Slowly the December days passed and then, on a sudden, came a realization that Christmas was at the very door. Christmas may not have been truly in the air, but it was in the heart and, when all has been said and done, that is really the thing that counts. Who better than men who had been spared could realize all that was summed up in the coming of that Christmas and the birthday of Him Who brought peace on earth to men of good-will, a Christmas in a foreign land where peace had come after a great war?

All through the bleak Christmas Eve men had kept dropping in to the chaplain's billet, and then, when supper was over, a growing crowd kept going to confession. Slowly the long evening dragged and the town grew more quiet than was its wont. It was a queer Christmas. Most of us had spent such seasons surrounded by family and friends. There were only a few who had ever waited the coming of the Infant Saviour in surroundings or under conditions like these. We had been associated for months of hardship and peril, bound together by ties that held with the grip of steel, but now each was, oh so lonesome! Christmas with an army in the field was very different from any we had ever known.

Gradually the familiar noises ceased. As the slow hands followed each other around the dial of the clock, a sense of concentration fell on everyone, until finally it was time to start the short walk from the billet to the church. Man after man stepped out into the shadowed streets, and turned to join the throng walking up the long hill. Every house, it seemed, contributed its quota: two from here, three from there, four or five from somewhere else, walking soberly, silently, to that little church where midnight Mass was to be said by the old curé.

Reaching the door, we entered from a darkness that almost palled, into a blaze of lights. There were clusters hanging from pillars and from the Gothic arches, and the altar was brilliant with waxen tapers.

Outside, in the street, or in the billets so different from the American homes, we had been all alien, strangers in a foreign land, set apart from the people with whom we lived, but it was quite different on the inside. Sheltered once again from the blanketing night, before the altar, we were at home, thinking the same thoughts and speaking with a common tongue. The great Catholicity of the Church reached out and covered us with its protecting arm. There was nothing detached, there was nothing discordant.

As we knelt there, while Mass was about to begin, we knew that at home, wherever home might be, those of whom we thought and who were thinking of us would be kneeling, too, to take part in that glorious unending sacrifice. Whether in Jussey in the valley of that Saône or in some huge cathedral of our own modern land, it was all the same. There were the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria* and the *Credo* familiar to all, and then the altar boy in his crimson cassock tinkled his little bell as many of us had done years ago, and in every heart sounded the echo of that hymn the choir had just sung loud and long as it had been sung in a myriad Catholic churches of the Old World and of the New.

Officers and enlisted men, doughboys and poilus in their horizon blue, men, women and children, rose up and with folded hands and bent heads walked to that altar where Christ the King had been born again, the Christ they were about to receive into their own hearts. And in happiness and wondrous peace the echo sounded:

Adestes fideles
Laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem.

Christmas in France after all had not been so very different from those other Christmases. Surely not in a town where God was alive.

Manger Song

(1623)

Oh tender young Lord thou liest so hard,
Oh dear infant Lord, the manger is hard,
Then sleep, then close thine eyelids and doze,
Sleep and give us eternal repose.
Oh dear little Lord thou liest so hard,
Baby Lord Jesus the manger is hard.

Rest, do not stir thee, no creatures deter thee,
Ass, oxen, and sheep have all gone to sleep;
So sleep, so close thine eyelids and doze,
Sleep and give us eternal repose,
No creatures deter thee, rest well, do not stir thee,
Ass, oxen, and sheep have all gone to sleep.

With Seraphim strumming and Cherubim humming
Sweet lullabies all, hush thee here in the stall;
Then sleep, then close thine eyelids and doze,
Sleep and give us eternal repose,
With Seraphim strumming and Cherubim humming,
The good angels all hush thee here in the stall.

Translated from the Old German by
KATHERINE ALLISON MACLEAN.

THE PLEASURE OF POSSESSION

By AGNES REPPLIER

TO UNDERSTAND it in its entirety we have but to turn to the good old story familiar to our school days, but now obliterated from the arid and anecdoteless pages of Roman history—the story of the mother of the Gracchi. It is very illuminating. Cornelia received a morning call from an acquaintance who wore more jewelry than the occasion warranted. Had this lady been content with owning, or even with wearing, the ornaments, nothing would have happened; but it was essential to her enjoyment that their elegance should be noticed by her hostess; and Cornelia, being but human, retaliated in kind. She summoned her young sons, just home from school, and said vaingloriously to the visitor—who presumably had only little girls—“These are my jewels.” It was an embarrassing moment for the boys, unless, being youthful Romans, they were accustomed to attitudinizing; but it proved conclusively that the pleasure of possession, whether we possess trinkets or offspring—or possibly books, or prints, or chessmen, or postage stamps—lies in showing these things to friends who are experiencing no immediate urge to look at them.

Thus it is that people who have nothing in particular are essential to the content of people who have a great deal, especially if that great deal is of the kind the purchase of which is called “collecting.” There is no keener satisfaction in this world than the satisfaction of the collector. We hardly needed Mr. Edward Newton’s ardent asseverations to convince us of this truth. To collect anything, no matter what, is the healthy human impulse of man and boy, and the longer and harder the search, the greater the joy of acquisition. I have sometimes thought that one reason why women are less content with life than are men is because they lack this eager and exhilarating passion. The natural impulse of a woman is to get rid of things. The natural impulse of a man is to hold on to them. Collecting rare manuscripts has been known to keep a wealthy consumptive alive for years. He was too absorbed in his pursuit to take the time to die. No such evasion of the inevitable is credited to a woman.

If I emphasize “collections” over less subtle and arrogant possessions, it is because they call more imperiously for notice. A man cannot in decency point out to friends his plumbing, or his wife’s pearls. He cannot tell them what these things cost, though many of us would be glad to know. But he can point out his books and prints, and also—by an extension of grace—his wife’s garden. He can moreover be fairly coercive in exacting attention. He can tell the history of his books, the price of his prints, and the botanical names of his wife’s flowers, and he is not held to have sinned socially in making these revelations. It is true that Mr. Birrell (the Honorable Augustine) says that

collecting is “a secret sin”; and while a most agreeable episode in the history of human folly, its charm lies in its secrecy. Precious things must be guarded from the profane eye. “The great pushing public must be kept out.” And he commends the attitude of his father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Locker, a discriminating, though not a wealthy, collector, who “could no more have boasted of a treasure than he could have eaten fresh meat for breakfast.”

Mr. Locker was indeed a man of definite withdrawals and reticences. His intercourse was at all times as fastidious as his appetite. Yet no one ever felt the urge to show his possessions more vehemently than he did. He wanted to show them to the right people; but shown they must be. When he collected *bibelots* he founded a Collector’s Club, “for the exhibition of our treasures at each others’ houses.” When he collected books he joined a Breakfasting Association which existed solely for the display of rare volumes and manuscripts, and which had for its patron a no less distinguished bore than the prince consort. As soon as he had books enough to be called a library, he printed a catalogue—which he modestly stated to be full of errors—for the enlightenment of the despised public; and he recounted to the same public so many amusing tales about the pleasures and pains of collecting, “a perennial joy pierced by despair,” that, as a matter of fact, we are fairly well acquainted with his collection.

There is, for example, the history of a venturesome journey undertaken in midwinter, which had for its object the pursuit of a missing leaf (the one containing Ben Jonson’s verses) in Mr Lockhart’s Shakespeare folio of 1623. And there is the tragic tale of the Palissy dish which he bought in London for forty pounds. He had no love for this masterpiece. In his secret soul he adjudged it ugly. But Palissy was the craze, and the dish was, after some vicissitudes, transported safely to England. There it was much admired until something about the coil of the central eel awakened dark suspicions in the mind of an expert. One authority after another sat in judgment upon this eel, and finally pronounced it to be at least two hundred and fifty years younger than a Palissy eel should be. It was sold, unregretted by its owner, to an accommodating customer who wanted a “reptile dish,” and was not otherwise particular.

Mr. Birrell, who bought books for many years, pronounced it as absurd for a man to boast of two thousand volumes as of two top-coats. Boasting is not his habit (the nearest he has come to it is the somewhat arrogant assertion that he has never entered the reading room of the British Museum); yet we do know something about his books; a first edition of “Endym-

ion," for example, and first editions of the Brontë novels, and we know nothing about his top-coats.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;

and small indeed the value of collections that can be neither displayed nor described. The astute collector anticipates doing both. He displays his possessions to those who enter his doors, and he describes them for the benefit of those who stand outside.

When we come to simpler things, we find that simpler methods prevail. In the matter of gardens there is, indeed, a faint but ever-present suspicion of hypocrisy. Gardens are the domain of women, and women lack the robust assertiveness of men. They can, moreover, afford a little polite depreciation of their wares, being sure of awakening enthusiasm. Ignorant people who do not know exactly what to say when confronted by a badly printed, badly bound copy of an unreadable book, which by reason of its rarity has become more precious than rubies, wax fervid over the familiar appeal of a flower bed. They feel safe.

It will be remembered that the disingenuous author of that most charming book, "The Solitary Summer," would have had us believe that her garden, and her garden alone, sufficed for her content. She had no need and no desire to share it with anyone. Loneliness but enhanced its loveliness, and five months would be all too short for her intimate and secret delight.

And how did this artful lady occupy those five months? By watching and tending and gathering her flowers? Not a bit of it! By writing a book about them. By redescribing the garden which had in fact done duty as subject-matter for a previous volume. By praising in print the "metallic blue delphiniums," the "towering white lupins," the "most exquisite of poppies called Shirley," and a delicate assortment of roses. In a word, by showing to as large a public as she could reach the beauty that was to have bloomed for herself alone. Solitude was sweet to her that she might say to her world of readers: "How sweet is solitude!"

It has been generally conceded that the miser—the true miser—enjoys his wealth without adventitious aid from neighbors. Hoarding implies secrecy. In the old days when hoarding meant bags of gold, neighbors might be thieves. One thinks of Midas—an ass in all but ears which were to come later—as counting his treasures in dim vaults, safe from the eyes of men. In the present day publicity means tax returns—a consequence which good citizens seek to evade. But since the beginnings of riches, misers have had methods of their own for exciting and enjoying the envy of the poor. Hetty Green eluded taxes as skilfully as a blockade runner eludes pursuit; but she never meant that men should not know and marvel at her wealth. She managed, without undue expenditure, to keep it as ever-present to the public of her time as Henry Ford's wealth is present to the public of today. And own sister to Hetty Green is every woman whose hoardings,

whatever their kind and degree, are destined for eventual exploitation. George Eliot, who was acquainted with most human, and all feminine, foibles, put the case neatly in her sympathetic description of the thrifty Mrs. Glegg:

Other women, if they liked, might have their best thread-lace in every wash; but when Mrs. Glegg died, it would be found that she had better lace laid by in the right-hand drawer of her wardrobe in the Spotted Chamber than ever Mrs. Wooll of St. Ogg's had bought in her life.

Pleasures are notoriously evanescent; but Mrs. Glegg had secured a permanent variety. It was not, be it remembered, the bald pleasure of possession, of lace lying between sheets of silver paper in a wardrobe; it depended for its highest fulfilment upon the sentiments of surviving friends and neighbors who would one day know that she possessed it.

Louise Imogen Guiney expressed the impatient attitude of her sex when she said, "My passion all my life has been non-collecting." The only man I know of who resembled her in this regard was Tennyson, who was heard to say that he would not give a damn for an autograph letter of Adam's, though he might be curious to know in what characters it was written. Miss Guiney, however, unlike Tennyson, spent many years in close contact with rare manuscripts which she deeply respected, and with rare books which she loved but did not want. Her only fall from grace was induced by a veritable likeness of King Charles II, "a jolly little portrait on copper," found in a curio shop of Bath. But who would not buy with his last shilling, and cherish with his last breath, a jolly little portrait of King Charles II. Compared to it chessmen and harness-brasses and snuff-boxes and first editions seem empty of delight. By its side a collection of three thousand millefiori paperweights is powerless to please. Three thousand anything, except dollars, is too many; but three thousand millefiori illustrate the curse of numbers. Their owner cannot look at all of them, and the rest of us—in a world made safe for democracy—refuse to look at any.

I was once asked to see a collection of silhouettes, and found that there were seven thousand of them. It was a marvelous collection. Many were very beautiful, many were very valuable, some had historical significance. But there were seven thousand. Now seven good silhouettes hung on a wall properly toned for their reception are a gracious sight; seventeen are not too many for enjoyment; but seven thousand under one roof challenged endurance. Their owner was courteous, kind, patient and hospitable; but he did cut off our retreat when from time to time we made a break for liberty. Years of his life, and apparently all of his income, had been spent in searching for these shadow pictures in every corner of Europe and America. The search, begun as a pastime, had become the absorbing principle of his life. It had doubtless given

him hours of anxiety and hours of ecstasy. Yet here was the magnificent result, the vastest collection of silhouettes in the world, and three visitors, dazed and fagged, trying to escape from its vastness. My word! Cornelia's Roman friend who was asked to look at two schoolboys had an easy time of it.

The hostile attitude of the public toward collections is but thinly veiled by polite hypocrisies and evasions. Mr. Guedalla, who has at all times the courage of his convictions, boldly asserts that this attitude is due to the intrinsic stupidity of the things collected. They represent the unusual rather than the desirable. He finds something "faintly perverted" in the mind of the collector for whom "the fatal lure of rarity obscures the facile charm of perfection." He cannot see a book bought at a high price because it has a famous misprint without being carried back in fancy to the era of the two-headed calf. He is impatient at the innocent, if unintelligent, desire of a man to own something which other men have not got; and he is more impatient—although not aware of the fact—at being himself part of the pleasure of possession. He may not want the two-headed calf; but he could not have it if he did; and he is liable at any unguarded moment to have it trotted out of the stable for his inspection.

Locker was wont to say that all collectors had certain characteristics in common. They might be agree-

able and well-bred men, or they might be intolerably dull; but in either case they were unmistakable. He could recognize one anywhere in a crowd. Yet if human nature is ever subdued to what it works in, surely the man who has collected seven hundred glass balls (called witch-balls in an effort to make them interesting) ought not to resemble the man who has spent a fortune on the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, only fifty-six in number. And how about the British divine known to Mr. Lockhart, whose collection consisted solely of halters with which notorious malefactors had been hanged? This gentleman could not possibly have had the innocent and bookish aspect of one who pursued first editions of Jane Austen. In our day and in our lenient land his specialty would be well-nigh unprocurable. Even states which have retained the hangman do not hang. They depend upon notorious malefactors being assassinated by other malefactors, a procedure which the *Manchester Guardian* criticizes harshly as uncivilized. Collectors of World War currency have recently complained that the field is too vast. Out of ten thousand specimens of German rag, paper and leather money representing every conceivable sum, only a dozen are rare enough to have any real value. Halters that have seen service in the United States are too rare to make possible even the smallest collection. Now if it were gangsters' guns!

BERLIN

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

BERLIN is nothing more or less than America in the heart of old Germany. By this I mean two things. First, the vast metropolitan areas which reach from Potsdam-of-the-Hohenzollerns to the river Oder reveal everywhere the new European effort to ape the winning ways of New York. The Berliner has outdone Broadway in nocturnal electric lighting. To the best of his ability he has gone in for records, for clinging to a subway strap with some dignity, for apartment houses in the elongated manner of Manhattan West Side. But also there is the second thing—the fact that this capital stows away in its darkest, loneliest corners thousands who in a freer age would have gone to seek their fortunes across the sea. Horde after horde of workless men and women have drifted here of necessity, swelling the population to well past the four million mark and conjuring up those ghastly pageants of hopelessness and radical effort which have supplanted so much of German patience and good humor. These, then, are two phenomena, two conundrums also, which fade out and reappear again under new raiment, in endless kaleidoscopic succession.

Nowhere else, for instance, are idealists forced to wrestle with more awesome limitations. I went out with one of them—a young man whom the ascetical self-sacrifice which the German Youth Movement bore

as one of its finest fruits, and to whom life was so little else than a chance to squander a mote of time for the welfare of others that I in my placid American epicureanism was almost appalled. And what did we see? The nest out of which the metropolis grew. The old city, which the kings half scornfully allowed to grow, beckoning to it in the meantime to move out toward their Potsdam and rewarding it with stone gates, palaces, boulevards and statues whenever it obeyed. Berlin is probably the only city in the world which has nonchalantly made a junk-heap of its cradle. Back into this junk-heap there crawl now, as a matter of course, all whom life has tossed aside. Above these mongrel prisons of stone, Mary Magdalen and the Apostle Paul must, one thinks, wring their hands. For here are thieves and prostitutes, preachers of wild revolutionary doctrines and weary old souls whose pittance is gone. But there are others—thousands upon thousands, with crowds of little children—who live in holes and glorified stone hovels through no fault of their own. "The world has room for all," Schiller once said confidently, but there is literally no room for these. Thirty-five thousand families live in cellars, on doles passed out by the state and private charity. And with their fellow-sufferers elsewhere, with prophets of uprising and vengeance, they have slowly

drawn their clenched fists up to the level of the face of that social order in which, rightly or wrongly, they have read their doom.

But I have quite forgotten my idealist. Let us collectivize him and say that he stands just around almost every corner. It is his most distinctive characteristic, perhaps, to be constantly at work and constantly at odds with himself. He may vary in other respects—be uproariously genial now, suddenly abstemious, then again poetic, finally abruptly matter-of-fact. But to the characteristic mentioned above he is almost invariably faithful. There is more administrative and altruistic hard work done per human square inch in Berlin than anywhere else I know of. The German proponent of an ideal labors at it with a tenacity which in our relatively leisurely part of the world we hardly understand. Possibly the industry is excessive. Never before has the universe beheld such an abundance of statistics, documentary treatises, research, lectures, study. The very bulk of the material amassed seems to preclude mastication of aught but a trifling part. Of course we Americans are by no means unaccustomed to meeting professors familiar with only one bug, or business men whose education has been limited to hosiery. But it is comparatively singular (and funny, sometimes) to discover that in Germany a question cannot be answered unless it is divided into parts each of which must be submitted to an authority. In his heart the educated German probably despises nothing so intensely as the species generalizer—the species Emil Ludwig. But if one may venture a critical remark, it seems that this species should be cultivated a little.

The prevalent war between points of view—a struggle which has decimated the Reich quite as extravagantly as did the Treaty of Versailles—must in a measure be attributed to this omnipresent specialization. Berlin is, of course, the place in which drifts of opinion, party allegiances, cleavages between generations, are most evident. Here the Communist vote at the last elections—33 percent of the total—was relatively larger than anywhere else in Germany. The three radical labor parties enlisted the support of three-fourths of the voting electorate, while the conglomerate moderate parties were utterly snowed under. Yet even this seeming emergence of class solidarity means anything but unanimity. During the last month the city's fiercest battles have been fought within and between these groups. Hitlerite rallies, huge popular demonstrations which pack the city's largest halls to the doors, take for their chief themes Jew-baiting and Socialistic heresy. And the old S.P.D., once so terrifically inveighed against in the name of every sort of law and order? To date it has produced the most scathing denunciations of Herr Hitler, the most conclusive treatises against class warfare, the most dependable guardians of social terra firma. Thus the absence of laborite harmony is complete. If one were to turn now to the conservative elements of German political reality, the disarray would reveal itself as still more

absolute. Here there are as many doctrines, recipes, panaceas, as there are outstanding individuals. The number of possible conservative or moderate parties is limited only by the imagination.

But since politics is only one aspect of our multiform human activity, it remains expedient to notice that some kind of compromise between sharp differences of opinion regulates virtually every form of German activity. Just as the government is invariably dictated by one or another working coalition, so the universities, the social and industrial organizations, the churches even, operate on the basis of parceling out representation to each of the several reigning groups. At the University of Berlin, nothing but a classroom wall may separate not merely a distinguished Catholic professor from a famous rationalistic professor but also a Catholic of the Left from a Catholic of the Right. Organizations for promoting this, that or the other reform succeed only if they can devise a program of action acceptable to many parties and groups. How this well-nigh infinite divisibility of German public opinion hampers corporate action is apparent to anybody who keeps his eyes open. Yet it is necessary to bear in mind a few pertinent facts which modify the situation.

The first of these facts may be introduced, perhaps, by an omnipresent Berlin phenomenon—the importance of titles. Celebrities will, of course, notice no dearth of incense in the United States. Ladies' clubs are agog when a poet reaches town, the imminent arrival of a senator usually thrills even the cynical. To the Germans, however, the circumstance that a man is a member of the Reichstag is not half so important as the fact that he is a doctor. Indeed, I might go so far as to aver that covering oneself with glory on the battlefield or in the political arena is less advantageous than getting a lease upon such a designation as *Geheimrat* or the inexpressibly august *Ministerialrat*. Here once again the Teutonic regard for specialization, for thorough knowledge of a given subject, finds expression. And as a result the corps of men endowed with titles of this character—which are normally life tenures—forms a nucleus of permanence in the midst of ebb and flow. Chained to their desks and duties, the titles of Germany have during the past twelve years given an excellent account of themselves. One cannot, naturally enough, make too much of a personal impression. Yet, if the people of the Reich should ask me to propose a memorial to him who had best served the Fatherland, I should suggest "The Unknown Herr Doktor."

For in the final analysis, what is significant about contemporary Germany is not the chaos of parties and tendencies but the tenacity of the central mechanism. It is the consciousness of problems and burdens from which there is no apparent escape which has split the nation into a hundred factions. Berlin, city of stone, is a cold and cruel, a glittering and spectacular, index to these problems and burdens. Here have been written out in grey and granite letters the bitter modern truth: that after twenty centuries of effort to preach

the message of Our Saviour, we have arrived at knowledge of the ghastly fact that mankind is to an ever and ever increasing extent homeless, workless, without the prospect of either peace or unity of purpose. This truth may hide behind diversified statistics, for instance such as tell us that in a city where the majority of family homes comprise only one room, the number of deaths will be greater than the number of births. During 1925, the Berlin undertakers ministered to 700 more human beings than did the midwives. Or come back again to our original suggestion that the metropolis now is what America once was. In the same year—1925—689,000 people came to Berlin and 584,000 left. The immigration balance for the period was, therefore, equal to the population of the city of Münster!

Small wonder that seeking the way out of such a tangle of social, moral and industrial difficulties should produce a multitude of factional debates. Even so the second fact—the fact that the German is centrally placed between East and West and so is spiritually less hidebound by outworn traditions than many another European—has endowed him with the sense of possibilities as well as with the sense of actualities. Though baffled by a seemingly endless series of problems, the central one of which is the economic, political and moral impoverishment of his country through the war, the German has mapped out ways toward a new and better future not only for him but for all of us. Such a detail as the architecture which is supplanting the Berlin of Schadow and Schlüter—or such another as the universal physical training which has made both sport and military drill social and rational—is a mere passing indication of the skill with which the Teuton has been picking the lock of his prison. The truly extraordinary adventure of the Catholic Church in Berlin is another development from this vision of possibilities. But of that I shall speak another time.

I come now to the third and most problematical fact. The German is a pessimist, to a degree which in our expansive new world we hardly understand. Inured throughout history to wars and upheavals, even his folklore is clamorous with sorrow. He can no longer trip lightly over the cobbly road of human experience; his humor has the tint of resignation. The present hard times have naturally not engendered optimism. Indeed, the Berlin of the hour is doubtless gazing through too dark a glass. One feels, however, that this excessive inclination to adopt the mood of Lent is in several respects an advantage in periods of transition like that in which we live. This mood will not break china, walk casually into traps, strum a banjo while some Rome burns. Though it may (and does) quench the fire of enthusiasm, it need not bank so heavily on insurance policies. Personally I feel convinced that in spite of everything Germany will, in a comparatively short time, recover her position as the most productive and significant country in Europe. The Germans themselves do not think so. In that they seem to me both wise and blessed.

A MEETING OF THE HIERARCHY

By PETER GUILDAY

PROBABLY, no event in the Catholic life of the year brings the Church in this country so closely together as the annual meetings of the American hierarchy at the Catholic University of America. There are naturally many aspects of this yearly assembly of our bishops which do not find a chronicling in the published report of the sessions. The time is precious; much has to be done and done quickly. Few of our bishops can afford more than a day or two for these deliberations, so heavy are the responsibilities at home and so pressing the many diocesan duties, missionary and otherwise, that crowd upon them. Each year the campus of the university, under a fine November sky, with the stately buildings stretching out in a great circle as far as the eye can see, becomes a strikingly attractive and colorful scene. The brilliant red of the cardinals, the purple of the archbishops and bishops, the sight of faces known nationally even to the children in our schools, the unmistakable signs of the weight of years on shoulders that yesterday seemed young and vigorous, the kindly eyes and the smile—they all smile, these bishops of the house of God in this country—all this and more turns the university into another kind of place altogether. One realizes it, after the meeting of the hierarchy is over and the regular routine of academic life is resumed.

Imagination paints a great contrast between this scene, so symbolic of the strength and progress of the Church today, with another which occurred 120 years ago in Baltimore when, in November, 1810, our first hierarchy of five bishops met, with Archbishop Carroll at its head, for the purpose of legislating a uniform discipline for the Church in America. Carroll himself was venerable with age, being then over seventy-five years old; his three suffragans, who had been consecrated during the previous week—Egan of Philadelphia, Cheverus of Boston, and Flaget of Bardstown—were all in their forties; and Bishop Leonard Neale, his coadjutor, was sixty-four years old. They had experienced the wise and salutary legislation of the First National Synod of 1791, then in vogue for almost a score of years; and while the same problems prevailed in Church affairs, they were able during the fortnight they remained with the archbishop after their consecration to decide upon what they called an Agreement for the further stabilization of episcopal authority. These problems were: (1) the mode of preserving the succession to the episcopate; (2) the question of further extension of episcopal authority; (3) uniformity of ritual and discipline; (4) strengthening the bond of unity with the Holy See; (5) regulations for the administration of the sacraments; (6) rules for clerical life; and (7) the safeguarding of the laity from the religious indifference and moral laxity which followed upon the establishment of the independence of the new republic.

At this first meeting of the American hierarchy in 1810, only certain phases of discipline were discussed. It was the intention of Carroll and his colleagues to hold a First Provincial Council in 1812. The purpose of the Agreement was the "reducing" of ecclesiastical discipline "everywhere to as strict conformity with that of the universal Church as our peculiar situation, circumstances and general benefit of the faithful will allow." The regulations embodied in the Agreement concerned: the Provincial Council of 1812; the holding of diocesan synods; episcopal visitations; nomination of bishops; jurisdiction over regulars in charge of parishes; faculties for priests living on the borders of the dioceses; the reading of Holy Scripture; the use of

Latin in Church services; parochial registers; sponsors in baptism; Mass stipends; marriage ceremonies; public entertainments and bad books; freemasons; and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Copies of this Agreement, signed by the archbishop and the four bishops, were sent to all the priests in the United States, and the result was that within a short time uniformity of ritual observance and of canon law was visible in every part of the country.

The meeting of 1810 takes on a modern aspect from the fact that Archbishop Carroll read to his suffragans a copy of a letter, sent by Archbishop Troy of Dublin and signed by the hierarchy of Ireland, protesting Napoleon's imprisonment of Pope Pius VII. Before bringing their meeting to a close, our bishops drafted and signed a letter to the venerable Pontiff, solemnly affirming their veneration and loyalty to the Holy See and protesting likewise against the captivity of its head. Prayers were ordered at the end of this joint encyclical, which was read in all the churches, for the speedy release of Pius VII. This encyclical was sent also to the Irish hierarchy with a letter in which our bishops expressed a profound reverence for the august Pontiff who was the founder of the American hierarchy. "On account of the infancy of our hierarchy," they wrote, they felt somewhat diffident in joining their voices to the episcopate of the entire world; but their language is strong and sturdy; there could be no doubt that their hearts were with the successor of Peter in his affliction.

When they broke up on November 16, 1800, to return to their homes, they little realized that they were not to meet again as a body. The War of 1812 and Carroll's precarious health kept them from holding the Council in 1812. Egan passed away in 1814; Carroll died in 1815; Neale, who succeeded Carroll upon the latter's death, himself died in 1817; Cheverus left Boston in 1823 to become later Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux; and Flaget lingered on out in Kentucky, edifying all by his saintly life, until his death in 1850.

SOLITARY RESEARCH

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY *Law Quarterly Review* is printing, in instalments, probably to be followed by book publication, the lectures delivered at the Law School last winter by Professor Eoin MacNeill of the National University of Ireland. What is not printed is the account given in the opening address of how Professor MacNeill prepared himself to write on the subject of "Early Irish Laws and Institutions." This is my memory of how he told that part of the story.

"One of your representatives in Dublin once asked me what was my opinion of President Wilson. I found it a little embarrassing to discuss an American President with an American official accredited to our country, so contented myself with the remark that what I mainly felt about Mr. Wilson was that he was a professor who had gone into politics, and that as I was another professor who had gone into politics, I knew something of the perils such a one would encounter.

"While I was in that situation, I was invited on one occasion to take up an extended residence at a place called Frongach, in England, and found it impossible to decline the invitation, as did a large number of my Dublin friends. When I arrived, I said to myself that I would spend the vacation reading the five volumes of the old Irish laws, that had been translated many years ago.

"Our host, who was by way of being a prison warden, did not approve of my selection of reading matter, but he kindly

supplied me with the 'Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.' Some time later, indeed some years later, it was thought again that I would be the better for a little spell of solitude. In those days we were told to go somewhere we did not want to go, and we went. There was no charge made against me, for instance, either then or later, but I was to be a guest at Mountjoy prison.

"This time, however, I was in my own country and my own city, where my literary tastes were understood. So when I asked this warden for the old volumes on the Irish laws his answer was, 'Oh, certainly Mr. MacNeill, anything in the world you want.' And so for six months, free from all annoyance and interruption, I devoted myself to this study, so long deferred, comparing what a great scholar of other days had written with materials that have come to light since his time. And that is why I am able, on your invitation, to discuss these matters with you now."

As I listened, my mind went back to another story I once heard which illustrated the tendency of public men in Ireland to place the prison in its proper perspective. It was William Redmond speaking this time, in the spring of 1914:

"You know they are not bad fellows at all in these prisons in Ireland. Not long ago I had made a speech for which I was to be arrested. As I was a member of Parliament they could not arrest me during the session, but I knew that the minute I set foot in Ireland after the session, they would be there waiting for me. And sure enough they were. The mail steamer arrived very early on a morning that was bleak and cold. The police were on the pier, and in a few minutes we were off together. Arrived at the jail—I think it was Kilmainham this time—there was no response to the repeated knocks of my captors, who nevertheless kept it up. Finally a tiny window in the door was opened and the nature of the business was disclosed. The man inside refused to open, as six o'clock in the morning was no time to receive prisoners. The argument went on back and forth without, however, the identity of the prisoner being disclosed. I was walking up and down, rather enjoying the discomfiture of my friends, but at last went up to the little window and said: 'It's too cold to be kept waiting out here. Why don't you open the door and let us in?' To this the man inside replied: 'And is it you, Mister Willie? Come in and welcome!'"

J. C. W.

Small Dirge for a Meadow Lark

Never more into the grasses
Where the hungry scythe now passes
Will he fly who came too soon
Downward through this sunny noon.
Not again into the sky
Will he soar with bursting throat,
Snaring heaven in a note,
Who did not know he had to die.

Lay the dusky and the yellow
Feathers of the airy fellow
Where no flight is. Let the willow-
Shadow move across his pillow,
Let the willow-roots be strong
Arms about an ended song,
And wind in narrow leaves lament
The blue and amber day he went.

FRANCES M. FROST.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Scarlet Sister Mary

THE MATTER of having one's time thoroughly occupied with play-going, to the exclusion of much possible reading—important and otherwise—has its occasional meager compensations. The New York stage has been heavily flooded this year with dramatizations of good, bad and indifferent novels. In most instances, the critics, in spite of themselves, have seen the play through the pages of the book, with all the prejudice that comes from having first formed clear mental images of the characters. This is a definite and inescapable handicap—inescapable, at least, unless, as in my own case, the lack of time has prevented a reading of practically all of the much-heralded novels. I have never read Julia Peterkin's book, "Scarlet Sister Mary," and to that extent can be of little use to the person who wants to know how well the main characters have been transferred from the printed page to the stage. On the other hand, I can, at least, approach the play with an open mind and form a direct impression of its value as drama.

On the whole, I found "Scarlet Sister Mary" a deeply sincere but—for rather long stretches—a rather lifeless effort to portray the struggle of a Negress through suffering, bitterness and the bondage of free love to an understanding, at last, of the true freedom of surrender to God. There can be no question of the play's artistic restraint. The Magdalens of the world have followed many roads to their final illumination—some of the roads strewn with enough vice and furor to be an everlasting temptation to the showman who is seeking a moral excuse for portraying immorality. But the present play takes no advantage of the obvious chances offered for sensationalism. On the contrary, it strikes only at those moments of supreme decision in the life of Sister Mary which give shape and meaning to the struggle of her soul. To this extent it might serve as a model for all playwrights who are sincerely trying to picture the honest problems of life without photographing all the lurid details which those problems collect about them. There is not the least effort to play up the sensual and the obvious on the trumped-up excuse of realism. The play passes over, between the second and last acts, the entire period during which Sister Mary defied God.

The first part of the play ends with her decision to recapture the joy of life which she lost when her husband deserted her, and with the note of triumphant freedom which she thinks this decision has brought to her. When the second part begins, she is still encased in the pride of her rebellion against the code of other men, scornful of the need of God. But the death of her first-born son, and the brief sight of her husband stir within her all the forces she has so diligently repressed. Her soul begins to clamor for an "easement." In the moment of her son's death, the barriers are first broken. His soul makes for her the bridge across eternity, at the end of which she can at last see God—the Giver and the Taker of life, to Whom she must surrender. She makes that surrender, and in doing so finds the true freedom she has always sought and never really found before. There is something intended, and something attained, of the theme of "The Hound of Heaven" in the last few moments of the play—moments which Miss Barrymore uses to the hilt and with thrilling conviction.

Unfortunately, the author has not been so adept in maintaining dramatic interest as in using artistic judgment. The Broad-

way cynics might easily point to the flatness of many passages in the play as clear proof that more realism is needed—more of the excitement of Sister Mary's sinful adventures to balance the periods of crucial decision. But in saying this, they would be as wide of the mark as usual. It is in the actual handling of the material used, and not in the choice of material, that the play fails to score. Many incidents are not sufficiently compacted to bring out their true dramatic strength. Unessential details are prolonged and moments of essential drama are skimmed over too lightly and quickly, robbing them of most of their significance. Part of this is due to the writing, and quite as much to the direction, which is poorly timed and frequently languid in pace. Still another basic trouble lies in the use of a white cast for an all Negro play. Whatever theories we may have had about Negro actors for Negro plays a few years ago, such amazing productions as "Porgy" and "Green Pastures" have shown us the utter futility of attempting to create illusion by make-up and labored accent alone. Neither Miss Barrymore herself nor any member of her company succeeds for any sustained period in establishing or holding the illusion of the colored race. The sense of reality is constantly being shattered by the intrusion either of details of poor make-up or of unhappy lapses in assumed accent. It is only when Miss Barrymore by her sheer vitality makes you forget entirely that the play is about Negroes that it achieves moments of real power. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Alison's House

ONCE more Miss LeGallienne has placed the whole American theatre in her debt. Susan Glaspell's play, "Alison's House," based, so rumor has it, on certain incidents suggested by the life of Emily Dickinson, is rare as a work of art, rare as a search into the sensitive souls of a group of people living somewhat apart from the humdrum world, and rare, above all, for its success in creating, by a hundred small allusions and situations, the portrait of an off-stage character which glows with life and an almost ghostly presence.

Unquestionably, it is Alison Stanhope, the fragile, powerful and tender poetess, the woman who loved and had the strength to deny her love, it is this Alison, twenty years dead, who lives and moves through every moment of the play as its heroine. Her ageing brother, John, her sister Agatha, her nephew Eben and his practical wife, and her niece, Elsa, who also loved, but lacked the courage to deny, as Alison had denied—all these characters move before you in the flesh, sensitively portrayed in all their conflicting moods and emotions, remaining always individuals and never regressing into mere types, puzzled, gay, humorous, sad—one of them, Agatha, even dying. But hardly a thought in their lives, hardly an action, would be the same were it not for Alison. Through the heroism of her one great sacrifice, she has projected some living part of her self into the lives of every one of them. Agatha cannot bear the thought of leaving the homestead where Alison lived and is mercifully spared this uprooting by death. Elsa returns after years of wandering to find forgiveness beneath the roof where Alison lived. A tender love affair develops between two young people—first drawn together by Alison's memory. It is only fitting that the play ends in Alison's own room—preserved exactly as she left it—and at a moment of fresh revelation of the true

depth of Alison's suffering through the discovery of some unpublished poems which Agatha had guarded jealously to the moment of her death.

It is hard to convey through brief description the cumulative force and beauty of scenes and moments which depend less on related incident than on character and delicate shadings of emotion. But the play is easily one of the most distinguished bits of dramatic writing that the theatre has seen for many a day, and Miss LeGallienne has given it the benefit of one of her most penetratingly beautiful productions. Her own acting, and the superb portrayal of Agatha by Alma Kruger, are only fitting accompaniments to a play which, in performance and in writing and in mood, far excels any modern play produced this year. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Fair at Sorochintzy

WHATEVER shortcomings the Metropolitan Opera Company may have, the neglect of new works is not one of them. Year after year Mr. Gatti-Casazza announces and produces a half-dozen such works a season, and after a season or two most of them disappear and are utterly forgotten. Of the novelties of the last twenty-two years, one opera alone has made a lasting impression on the musical world—Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." It is therefore not to be wondered at that Mr. Gatti should have at last given us another of Moussorgsky's compositions.

"The Fair at Sorochintzy" is, it is true, only partially the work of Moussorgsky, for the Russian composer left merely some sketches for the opera, which was completed and orchestrated by Nicolai Tcherepnine; but then even "Boris" was orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff, a fact which left it none the less genuinely Moussorgsky's. And "The Fair," despite its much greater patchwork nature, is also quite unmistakably the creation of the same composer. Especially in the second act and in the ballet the music has the rhythm, the melody and the fantastic imagination of the composer of "Boris." "The Fair" is of course a comic opera, and as a whole is lacking in the dramatic sweep and the unity of a work of the first rank, but though the Italian music of the first act seems rather weak, when it gets down to the spirit of the Russian peasant there is much which bears the mark of greatness. That it will long remain in the Metropolitan's repertory is to be doubted, but it is worth a half-dozen of some revivals of recent seasons. It is at least worth doing.

In its presentation the Metropolitan put its best foot forward. It brought Mr. Tcherepnine from Paris to supervise the rehearsals, it gave the musical direction to Tullio Serafin and the scenic production to Serge Soudeikine and it provided an admirable *corps de ballet* headed by Rita de Laporte, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Cesare del Grande. All these excellent artists gave of their best. The singers were, too, on the whole well fitted to their parts. Especial commendation should go to the Khivria of Ina Bourskaya and the Tcherevik of Ezio Pinza, while Frederick Jagel sang pleasingly the rather Italian love music allotted to Gritzko. Exactly how Russian some of the acting was is another question, but then the opera was after all sung in Italian. Why Russian operas should be sung in Italian in an English-speaking country is of course another matter. Translated opera may not be as effective as opera in the original language, but if translations they must be, they ought to be in English. Some day the Metropolitan Opera Company may have the courage to be logical.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

COMMUNICATIONS

CHESS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: To those who play chess and not merely at it, John Bunker's comments, in *THE COMMONWEAL* of November 19, on Claude Bragdon's article concerning the game, which was published in your issue of October 29, are interesting, but scarcely convincing. He takes issue with Mr. Bragdon on whether chess can be likened to the more serious game of war.

As an intellectual pastime, chess is easily in the lead barring none, not even the popular bridge. And that which makes it so, is the fact that to be a good chess-player and not merely a wood-shover, you must plan your game ahead, using tactics similar to the general marshaling his forces for battle and with parallel strategy.

In the first place, Mr. Bunker admits that he is not aware of any great military leaders who were also great chess-players. We cannot in this respect go Mr. Bunker one better by citing instances, although it has always been a tradition among chess enthusiasts that great battles have been planned on the chess-board and that Napoleon was wont to do so. After all, as appears from Mr. Bunker's quotation, Bonaparte did occasionally win a game, probably when his mind was more on the game than on other stirring matters. Also, as a strategist, he is reported to have met his Waterloo.

Be that as it may, Mr. Bunker's one outstanding dissimilarity that he urges against the parallel he attacks is as follows: "At the beginning of an engagement in chess, both sides have exactly the same strength, not only in number and kind of their forces, but also in the exactly similar disposition of the forces on the field, whereas in war there has probably never been a battle where either one or the other of the combatants has not had a marked superiority either in numbers, in variety of force or equipment, or in position."

Now, granting that in war we had the ideal conditions referred to, it would not follow that two forces, equal at the start, would have negative results and that a battle so staged would not end in victory for either side. The fact is, that chess becomes strategy similar to that in war only after the game is well started. The openings are not always the same on both sides, and if they are, the relative force and position of the players soon changes in the development of the game; and, where one player assumes the offensive to carry out his strategic plan, his opponent may assume the defensive. The aggressor, next aware of superior strategy on the part of his opponent, may be compelled to assume the defensive and his opponent change his defensive tactics to those of the aggressor. After all, it is not the wooden pieces that determine the game but the planning mind behind the moves, just as generalship tries to out-general in war.

The very technique of the game of chess and "the imagery of the board"—as Charles Lamb aptly expressed it—emphasizes the parallel between chess and war. The pawns are, indeed, the infantry and the relative power of the pieces makes for the similarity that has been discussed. The knight in his peculiar movement—to mention one of the leading pieces in the chess combat—is well likened to the onslaught of cavalry, dashing here and there over the battle-field, ever in the midst of the fray, slashing now to the left and now to the right, and dealing havoc to the enemy's forces. To play the knight well is in itself to exercise a superior bit of strategic skill.

JOSEPH JACOB.

INDIA IN TRANSITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Mr. Thompson, in his letter to you of October 31, regarding the review of his book published in the October 22 number of THE COMMONWEAL, seems to deny having intended to invite Indians "to look back and laugh over Jallianwalabagh." Let us examine into the true meaning of his words. I quote from the last paragraph (p. 176), where, after having qualified Miss Mayo's book as "a perfectly straight and honest piece of work," he goes on to say:

"Nevertheless it poisoned the political atmosphere to a terrible extent. If any British official did rejoice at this sudden auxiliary, he must have cursed it since—as, I have suggested, happened with the event of Jallianwalabagh. I wish Indians would now look back on the episode and laugh at it. They made fools of themselves over it, as we have often made fools of ourselves over some excitement. They should now summon their abundant sense of humor, and see how absurd the whole episode was."

Can it be that I did misrepresent Mr. Thompson's meaning? Perhaps after all he meant that the episode over which Indians were to laugh was British officialdom cursing what it first rejoiced at, and that it was the officials who made fools of themselves. Even so, and though Indians should possess an abundant sense of humor as Mr. Thompson assumes, they would surely save it for occasions of less poignant memories.

On the other hand, if the word "episode" in the above sentence refers to the episode of Jallianwalabagh, and if he considers that Indians made fools of themselves over it, permit me to give the testimony of a well-known Indian of very moderate tendencies.

In 1919 after the tragedy, Rabindranath Tagore, the husband of whose grand-niece, Shrimati Sarala Devi Chaudrani, was a victim, in a letter to the viceroy renounced the knighthood which England had conferred upon him after he had been honored with the Nobel Prize. He said in part: "... The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation, and I for my part wish to stand shorn of all special distinction by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings."

To his compatriots however he wrote: "... We who have witnessed wholesale slaughter of the innocent in our neighborhood, let us accept God's own office and cover the blood-stains of iniquity with our prayers. . . ."

If this be making a fool of oneself, England does well to follow in the same footsteps.

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

MOTION PICTURES ABROAD

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor: Some foreign countries object to the character of American films. I myself rarely go to the movies, therefore I do not know very much about them. I understand that pictures of cowboys, Indians and the "wild West" (as the West used to be) are shown, and also pictures of fashionable life and of criminal life. I believe, however, that the dénouements of the pictures usually inculcate some good moral—virtue is rewarded and vice is punished in the good old way. Certainly no objection can be raised to that. Of course, any picture that does not inculcate a good moral should be put under the ban.

If objection to American pictures is based upon the circum-

stance that they do not do justice to the customs, manners and ways of foreign peoples, this is a matter that should be taken up with the American producers of films. Surely American film makers do not err intentionally in this respect, but through ignorance of the ways of foreign peoples; for they would not willingly offend their customers and thus injure their own business. Of course. Of course, a little good-natured banter at the expense of foreigners does no harm, but only adds to the "gaiety of nations." The people of every nation like to poke well-meant fun at the peoples of other nations. This adds to their *amour propre* and gives them a pardonable feeling of superiority.

There is at least one American film, produced within the last few years, that no one can reasonably object to. I refer to "King of Kings," a very beautiful representation of the life of Christ. The high spot in this picture shows Christ mocked and spat upon; and immediately after there flashes upon the screen the age-long symbol of majesty and power—the King with His crown of thorns. Out of the depth of the abyss He grasped the scepter of power. There is something inexpressibly moving and awe-inspiring in this scene. Truly He was King of Kings. Other kings draw power from power. This King drew power from weakness. He spun a cobweb upon the Cross; and, lo, that cobweb has become a net of steel that enmeshes heaven and earth.

CHARLES HOOPER.

REPUBLICANS VS. DEMOCRATS

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor: During one of his recent radio talks a prominent priest-author-lecturer declared that the serious problem of unemployment ought not to be kicked about by both major parties like a football on the field of politics. One is reminded of this as one reads opinions voiced by the various Republican leaders hinting at ulterior motives and expressing a suspicion and fear of the opposition party "bearing gifts," following the Democrats' offer to assist the present administration in solving our economic difficulties.

Are we to infer then, that the Republicans would reject the aid of the Democrats if any achievements resultant from co-operated efforts bring glory to the latter?

ELSIE A. GALIK.

NEO-PAGANISM

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor: My correspondent acquaintanceship with the late Harvey Wickham began with THE COMMONWEAL as an intermediary. Mr. Wickham gave very generously of his time and knowledge to explain the dangerous tendencies of what has been loosely called neo-paganism. We could not agree. But I think considerable good has come from our discussion. His last article (the best thing of his I have read) has justified it.

I regret that his death prevents the continuation of our correspondence. An honorable adversary and a kindly gentleman—I salute him.

DONALD POWELL.

The title page and index for Volume XII of the Commonwealth are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume XII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of THE COMMONWEAL.

BOOKS

The Road to Rome

Why Rome, by Selden Peabody Delany. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

THE CHAPTERS from this book published in THE COMMONWEAL have no doubt led many to read the whole. Those who have not should certainly do so. The distinguished Episcopalian rector's account of his conversion is admirably written, clear and objective. It has moreover the special interest of having been composed during the process which it describes.

Dr. Delany gives us only as much autobiography as is strictly relevant to his subject. The first half of the book describes in detail his growing conviction of "Anglo-Catholicism's" manifold contradictions and hopeless inadequacy. "We are trying to live and act," he writes, "as Catholic priests, when our ecclesiastical superiors, most of our brethren in the ministry, the bulk of the laity and the general public regard us as Protestant clergymen. . . In this heart-breaking task we have no authority to uphold us. Indeed we often find ourselves in conflict with the lawful authorities under whom we have pledged ourselves to serve. . . What it all comes to is that every Anglo-Catholic priest is a law unto himself." It was the last fact, long evident to observant Catholics, which made the writer see how "the whole position of Anglo-Catholics is grounded in disobedience, whether to lawful Anglican authority or to the authority of the Pope." "The Anglo-Catholic," as he well puts it, "is like a man who claims to be a citizen of the world but refuses to pay taxes or join the army or obey the laws in any one country of the world." Dr. Delany's analysis of "Anglo-Catholic" shortcomings is keen, charitable and thoroughly interesting. More than one reader, incidentally, will be grateful for the priceless anecdote concerning the chaplain in attendance on the Prince of Wales, who found himself burdened with the unclerical though not arduous task of purchasing gin in New York!

In the latter and more constructive half of the book, Dr. Delany sums up with erudition and clarity the latest conclusions of competent scholarship on the origin and early history of the Papacy. Many readers will be surprised to learn of the extent to which Anglican scholars have contributed toward the historical justification of the papal claims. Such an ably presented account of their finding as this would alone make Dr. Delany's book worth while.

Though the work is, as has been noted, an essentially objective record, though it contains far less direct revelation of its author's feelings than other notable books of its kind, the impression it gives of a heroic search for truth is none the less strong. The Catholic reader should remember that what are for him interesting and informative discussions were soul-stirring crises for the author. No man of Dr. Delany's sensitiveness, devotion and zeal can go through such an experience, with all the severing of old bonds that it involves, without a painful struggle. Notably in the matter of Anglican orders, the realization, for a man who has for years supposed himself a priest, that Leo XIII's verdict was the true one, cannot fail to be a source of anguish. If in this as in other aspects of his pilgrimage, this convert has unflinchingly followed the truth as his expanding vision saw it, if his reticence and humility have led him to dwell on fact and argument rather than on his personal feelings, Catholics should none the less, by their grateful appreciation of his book, acknowledge their admiration for his courage.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Dutiful Research

Molière, by John Palmer. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. \$5.00.

THERE are many legitimate types of biography—dramatic, speculative, even the strictly academic that attempts no human contours and spends half its information in footnotes—but for Molière, in the year 1930, there can be only one: the type that keeps one eye upon the ascertainable facts, and the other upon what two centuries and more have done to bury these facts or throw them out of focus. So John Palmer must have reasoned when he decided to tackle the figure of France's great comic genius of the seventeenth century. He had first to dig Molière out of the rubble, and then to present him in the light of the information preserved by the French notary system. The result of digging and presentation, embodied in a long, carefully written, elaborately cautious study, is sometimes painful reading, but it is always rewarding. For Mr. Palmer, who succeeded to George Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review* before the World War drew him to the Foreign Office and thence to the secretariat of the League of Nations, has accepted nothing on anybody's say-so, and has been careful to guide us away from the myth-mongers. Time and again he has dipped beneath the pile of apocryphal stories, doubtful issues and romantically strained critical comment, to get at the existing facts about his subject.

For example (to name only one of the services he has performed), Mr. Palmer has refused to accept the story which practically everyone believes, the story that Molière's wife, Armande, was the daughter of his mistress, Madeleine Béjart, and very likely his own child, too. Waldo Frank, in his introduction to the Modern Library selection of Molière's plays (and a fine introduction it is, in most respects), has perpetuated at least half of the myth for American readers. But Mr. Palmer has gone to the documents and come up with contradictory material: Armande, it appears, was the sister of Madeleine, and it is even conjectural that Madeleine was the mistress of Molière. However, this latter is scarcely important. What does matter is that Madeleine was the instrument of a gracious fate in persuading the young Jean Poquelin that the theatre was his métier, and that he must become Molière.

Mr. Palmer gives us sane analysis of the great comedies that followed Molière's years in the provinces. He has so much work to do by way of disposing of falsehood that he has little space to discuss the great age of Louis XIV. The result is that the theatre of Molière is left hanging in something of a social vacuum. But the reader can find other sources for the setting of Molière's career, and he can offer nothing but thanks to Mr. Palmer for his scrupulous work.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Tales Long Awaited

Tales from the Argentine; edited by Waldo Frank. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

AT LAST someone has had the courage, and in a "bad book year" at that, to give us the beginning of a selection from the gems of Latin-American literature. One can only hope that Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart will be successful in spite of the obvious difficulties which are illustrated so plainly in this first of the series.

Mr. Waldo Frank, apparently, is to edit the collection, and in "Tales from the Argentine" he has come squarely face to face

with that danger against which *THE COMMONWEAL* warned him in a recent editorial: the danger of attempting translation unless the translator be not only at home in both languages but a master of the peculiar spirit of each. Selma Lagerlöf's first works suffered under the same handicap, surmounted in the end. Jeremiah Curtin's translations of Sienkiewicz are probably as good examples as any of how the thing can be done.

The Argentine selection by Mr. Frank, excellent in itself, suffers from the difficulty of putting idiomatic Spanish or peculiar gaucho twists of thought and language into English that will convey them smoothly to English-tuned ears, and the plight of the translator is not helped by an attempt to convey these idioms in the gangster dialect of North America. It may be that Mr. Mordecai Gorelik's grotesque illustrations will please someone. One hesitates to be too sure of taste these days.

Yet, in spite of these two serious flaws, one in the translation and one in the manufacture, the book will go, and should. All three of the principals are to be congratulated, though some friend should send them *THE COMMONWEAL* editorial.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Talent of Dorothy Canfield

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

AGAIN Miss Canfield celebrates the virtues of sanity and understanding. "The Deepening Stream" is marked by the same sobriety and moral earnestness that characterized "The Brimming Cup" and "The Home-Maker," and like those novels it is a study in the emotional stability of average, middle-class existence. It exudes the warmth of ardent conviction that invariably promotes Miss Canfield's investigations. Her long list of novels and short stories, with their problems of educational reform, child-development, marriage, Franco-American amity, etc., testifies to the sincerity of her dedication to the moral welfare of the American community. She writes in the tradition of her nineteenth-century forebears, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Humphrey Ward: as a reformer. Hers are professedly *romans à thèse*. The stylistic glitter, as well as the experimental vagaries, of the more exciting contemporary novelists is not for her. Neither is she lured by the fascination of uncharted psychological exploration. With her determined grip and her mind undiverted from practical affairs by the aesthetic unrest of the day, Miss Canfield may with little qualification be called our most serious novelist.

This fact is, unfortunately, no warrant for her success, and it goes far in explaining her failure to achieve with Mrs. Wharton, Miss Cather and Miss Roberts an eminence in the American novel. By a curious but stubborn rule, novels based squarely on moral earnestness seldom exercise a profound influence on their readers. As everyone knows, this failure is traceable not only to aesthetic deficiency but to the dead weight which moral sobriety, unrelieved by humor or compassion, imposes on the novel's vitality. "Moll Flanders" is not infused with deliberate ethical portent, but no serious reader has ever closed Defoe's pages without finding his vision deepened in pity and enriched by hitherto untested sympathies. Exhortation and homily have become a heavy slag in Dickens, but his least "edifying" passages still yield the clear essence of an unrivaled insight. The tracts of the Mmes. Wood, Ward and Deland, however, are moribund documents which lie beyond the hope of a profitable revival, and one sometimes fears that Dorothy Canfield's novels are scheduled for the same fate. They are constructed with unusual competence: the detail is authentic,

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the characterization persuasive in its typicality, the situation inevitably real, and the conversation enlivened by that familiarity which constitutes Miss Canfield's one claim to genuine authority. The fundamental defect in her art, nevertheless, remains unmistakable.

"The Deepening Stream" studies the married life of Matey and Adrian Fort. Matey's parents were temperamentally irreconcilable, and out of the emotional havoc wrought by their union, she builds her trust in the rich and inexhaustible fellowship of true marriage—which she finds with Adrian. This noble theme of marital confidence and loyalty is never freed from the enfeebling and mechanizing effect of "purpose." Both vivacity and exaltation are subdued to the dull tones of self-defeating preachment. Of themselves the characters do not live: Miss Canfield lives for them; and thus the novel never exhibits its own intuition of reality. "The Deepening Stream" is the product of an honest, workmanlike talent, and is admirably fitted to the needs of the domestic journals whose rewards for its author are doubtless munificent. But inevitably it fails of significance, both as literature and as the spiritual enlightenment to which Miss Canfield so earnestly dedicates her talents.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

The Significant Six

The New American Literature, by Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company. \$3.50.

THAT we Americans are extremely (and perhaps naively) interested in ourselves is proved by the fact that Professor Pattee devotes the 500 pages of this volume to American literature from 1890 to 1930. It is a many-sided period, full of swift rises to fame and equally swift falls into oblivion; blasts and counterblasts; a few men of real genius and many with raucous-voiced egos; sudden shifts of interest and almost overnight reactions; occasional wholesome laughter almost smothered by shouts of self-adulation and screams of rebellion against standards, conventions and traditions; and latterly the scene darkened by a lengthy procession of "sad young men" who insist on taking themselves with deadly seriousness.

Professor Pattee brings an exceptional equipment to his task. He is leading authority on American literature since the Civil War; he knows and adheres to sound literary standards; and he has retained his sense of humor and his clarifying but not ungenerous irony.

The forty years treated here form a confusing and complex period which we are too near to see in the right perspective. With steady vision Professor Pattee serves as interpreter and guide, tracing the various literary revolts, explaining the debacle of poetry, and showing how changed conditions in journalism and publishing have affected every branch of American writing.

What six writers in these eager, restless years are most significant? Opinions vary widely. Professor Pattee selects Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, O. Henry, Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken, and it tells much about the character of the epoch that he concedes permanence to no one of them. Crane, endowed with striking originality, died at twenty-nine, with no more to give. O. Henry, brilliant, fascinating, fecund, wasted his gifts on ephemeral tid-bits for jaded palates. Jack London ground out an amazing product characterized by uneven artistry or spoiled by propaganda. Dreiser is a romanticist gone wrong, who lacks poise, balance and, most of all, conviction. Mencken, triumphant from 1914 to 1924, performed good service when he derided hypocrisy in life and letters, but has shot his bolt, and his influence is already on the

wane. Professor Pattee seems to rate Frank Norris highest of the six for, despite his faults, his "Octopus" comes nearest being the "great American novel" written before 1900.

Professor Pattee's appraisals are always interesting, even when one fails to agree with them. He is too generous to Gertrude Atherton, and not generous enough to Willa Cather; and while shrewdly estimating Mrs. Wharton's weaknesses, he permits his inability to place "Ethan Frome" (either as short story or full-length novel) to confuse his judgment, and so denies it the place it deserves as one of the three finest pieces of fiction in American literature.

With a few such discounts, made, this remains a fascinating, timely and thought-provoking volume.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

For the Adventurous

Yermak, the Conqueror, by P. N. Krassnoff. New York: Duffield and Company. \$2.00.

THIS book deals with the history of three incidents in Russian history—the great fire of Moscow in 1581; the storming of Kazan by Russians; and finally the irruption of the Cossacks under Yermak into Siberia.

General Krassnoff has sought in this volume to rouse the interest of Russians in the historic exploits of their ancestors in freeing their land from the Tatars and then turning around to penetrate Siberia from the Urals to the Sea of Okhotsk, to conquer it and colonize it. This is all told with Yermak as a central figure, so that historically the main features of the Russian advance from the Volga, past the Urals to the chief Tatar town of Isker, are accurate, probably taken from the archives of the Imperial Library in Petrograd. The story is told as the adventures of a boy serving under the Cossack ataman, with full descriptions of the forests, the rivers, the hunting expeditions for fur—these being interspersed with descriptions of the winters when the rivers are frozen and the trees are white with frost.

It is a plain, simple tale which any young person should enjoy, and which should also awaken interest in the immense labors and difficulties which surrounded the Russian penetration of northern Asia. From 1581 to the first treaty between Russia and China in 1689 is not a long time in a nation's life, but the energy and perseverance which carried the Russians some 6,000 miles in 108 years is to be admired, even if the problems still to be solved are both perplexing and numerous.

Messrs. Duffield are to be congratulated on the work of the translation as well as on the unusual pictures which illustrate the volume. It will make an ideal gift to many a person in whom the spirit of adventure still lingers.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Lest We Forget

The European Heritage, by Watson Kirkconnell. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. \$2.00.

THIS book is an attempt along rather new lines to present to the peoples of the New World an adequate picture of their vast debt to their European ancestry.

"Ignorance is the mother of intolerance," says the author in his preface and it is often necessary, in order to overcome this sinister pair, not only to teach but to present the teaching so as to take the bigot unaware. Intolerance is often too strongly embattled to be taken by a frontal attack. There is, of course, no lack of intolerance here towards the nations of the Old

for christmas

CAESAR: THE MAN

Mirko Jelusich

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World and this Professor Kirkconnell avoids by speaking, not of nations, but of the great racial groups to all of which most of us can trace some elements of descent. Whatever prejudice we may feel for this or that nation, we can all listen patiently to a recountal of the exploits of the Nordic, the Mediterranean and Alpine races.

Professor Kirkconnell is a Canadian scholar of high attainments, an authority on his subject, and, while we may often disagree with his estimates of relative values, while we may wish that his tale were told a little more vividly, a little less after the method of the cataloguer, we can still recognize the value of his work especially as a book of ready reference.

The greatest defect in "The European Heritage" is one which lurks below the surface and is not often apparent. The author rarely takes sides in the great religious and philosophical controversies that have shaken Europe for so many centuries nor does he allow his appreciation of the works of genius to be markedly swayed by the beliefs of his subjects. It would not, for example, be just to say that he disregards the gigantic influence of the Church in the development of European culture or consciously underestimates it, yet it is evident that his enthusiasm for intellectual and artistic independence often leads him to misinterpret the effects of this influence or rather to interpret it one-sidedly in favor of the Protestant and free-thought movements antagonistic to it.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.

Toward a Better Understanding

Science and the Scientific Mind, by Leo E. Saidla and Warren E. Gibbs. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$3.00.

THERE is much need at this time for some means properly to evaluate the contributions to man's knowledge that spring from a multitude of sources. This is a scientific age, so we are told, yet, as the authors of this book point out, the majority of men know little or nothing of what science is and what it is doing, and they are apt to look at scientists askance. Yet this branch of learning has nurtured the modern technical development, it has altered the curricula of our schools, and it colors our trends of thought in many ways. Upon its shoulders falls much of the labor of advancing our civilization and so it would seem that the average man should know something about it. With these thoughts in mind, Saidla and Gibbs, not themselves scientists, have knit together a collection of essays by men famous in some branch of science.

The roster of names alone will assure the earnest reader of much food for thought. Such men as R. A. Millikan, Michael Pupin, John Tyndal, Thomas Huxley, Nathaniel Shaler and many others, whether dead or still living, have in common the ability to write clearly and well. That is an important factor for the choice of essays in this book, since it is intended primarily as a textbook in an advanced course of composition for students of science and technology. No reader will be pleased with all that these men have written, nor will most agree with many of their convictions on religion and the general application of their scientific findings to life. But they will probably be found less radical than most readers expected.

The essays are grouped under the following headings: "Science"; "The Scientific Mind"; "Scientific Motive"; "Science and Culture"; "Science and Civilization"; "Science and the Future." There are twenty-four in all and each is introduced by a biographic and explanatory note. Appendices suggest topics for questions or themes, or outline further reading.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

Ireland's Landlordism

The Struggle for the Land in Ireland, 1800-1923, by John E. Pomfret. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$3.00.

THIS detached study of the movement for the elimination from Irish life of the iniquitous system of landlordism was, in its original form, a doctoral thesis presented to the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. The author in this volume has expanded the work in order to relate the subject more fully to the history of Ireland since the union. As a study in an important economic movement the work gives evidence of a masterly grasp of the main issues involved, though one may still question the possibility of isolating the economic from the political aspects of the question, even to the extent of viewing the latter as subordinate to the former. There were always three factors in the struggle: the English government, the un-Irish and anti-Irish landlord class, and the peasantry or agricultural element. The relations of the landlords and tenants may be classed as economic, but the English governing class always viewed Irish questions as purely political and looked on the Irish people as political and national enemies. In fact a comprehensive survey of the conflict between Ireland and England, of which the land question was but one phase, would include innumerable other considerations, religious, racial, cultural, historical and linguistic, though the final unsatisfactory termination of the struggle was the result of a series of grudging acts of surrender on the one hand arising from the terror inspired by frenzied acts of violence on the other. The various steps toward peasant proprietorship, the Emancipation Act, the different land acts, the abortive Home Rule bills and the final treaty which brought the Irish Free State into existence, were in every case the sequel to some desperate undertaking on the part of the Irish extremists.

Holding, as English officialdom did, the power of deciding between the avarice of a parasite landlord group and the lives of the great mass of the Irish people dependent for existence on the soil, no measures were ever undertaken to apply the principles of justice to the settlement of the case until this officialdom, as represented by the Premier and the members of the English Cabinet were reduced to quaking fear by the menace of Irish insurrectionists. Mr. Gladstone's attitude on Disestablishment arose from precisely the same motive that dictated Mr. Lloyd George's surrender when he agreed to negotiate with Michael Collins. An impossible situation always existed between Ireland and England, or rather between the English and Irish peoples. England as a nation stood to gain nothing from the hostility of Ireland, but England lost much in attempting to sustain an alien religion in Ireland and in supporting a small and selfish faction in their attempt to exploit and rob the peasantry and farmers of Ireland. Though the English are slow to learn, they are capable, as their relations with Ireland show, of sudden and sincere conversion when the lesson is brought home to them at the point of a gun.

Land purchase was a compromise, but a compromise in which the advantage was all on the side of the aggressors, the landlords. Professor Pomfret did not consider it necessary to investigate that elusive but powerful element in "The Struggle for the Land," the element which German masters of the science of history regard as fundamental *Volks-psychologie*, but he has, nevertheless, given an excellent statement of the steps that led to the settlement, and his work will, no doubt, remain for most people in America the standard reference book on this intricate and difficult question.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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Briefer Mention

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.75.

KIPLING wrote of a superficial India; Yeats-Brown writes of a most intimate India. The former was born in India, and may have known India—but he does not reveal his knowledge in either his verse or prose. Yeats-Brown knows—and writes—the esoteric psychology of India as no other layman, with the possible exception of Sir Hugh Clifford, could, or can, write it. A lad of nineteen, graduate of Harrow and the Royal Military college, he is assigned to duty as a subaltern in the Bengal Lancers, and stationed in the shadows of the mighty Himalayas. Here and hereabouts he spends his first few years in India, polo playing, pig-sticking and learning the various dialects. Then, one sun-washed day in Delhi, the desire to learn what he can of the East's ancient lore masters him. In his book he gives perfumed word-pictures of the mystic, starlit nights; the heat; the dust; the incense; the bazaars—and that esoteric wisdom that has been handed down from *guru* to *cheela* for uncounted centuries of time in the ancient East.

Toes Up, by Paolo Monelli; translated by Orlo Williams. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is the Italian contribution to the recent fever over the late war, or at least part of the Italian contribution. It deals with the activities of the Alpini, redoubtable heroes of Italy's mountainous warfare, and is written in a style which makes tomes on metaphysics seem like light reading. The episodes are so tortured that one loses interest in them; the effort to give a realistic impression of the purposelessness and humdrum of war removes anything like a central thread or theme from the book, and the characters are so legion, so fleeting and have such difficult names that the reader ceases to bother his head about them. As a document it may be valuable. As reading matter to be placed on a shelf with "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Sergeant Grischa" and the others, "Toes Up" does not belong. The translation of the book is an interesting piece of virtuosity.

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